

Searching For You

by Stef1981

Category: Fosters

Genre: Family, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Characters: Callie, Lena A., Stef F.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-11 00:32:18

Updated: 2016-04-25 03:03:46

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:13:32

Rating: T

Chapters: 15

Words: 36,888

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Stef (a cop) and Lena(VP) are dating but neither have children. Callie is being fostered by Justina Marks but soon Stef and Lena find out she is being horribly abused and Stef takes her in. It has been a few months that Callie has been living with Stef and she has something to ask her but must deal with the demons of her past. Heavy Stef/Cal. Possibly only a few chapters.

1. Is That Something You Want?

Stef (a cop) and Lena(VP) are dating but neither have children. Callie is being fostered by Justina Marks but soon Stef and Lena find out she is being horribly abused and Stef takes her in. It has been a few months that Callie has been living with Stef and she has something to ask her but must deal with the demons of her past. Heavy Stef/Cal. Possibly only a few chapters and the first chapter is in the present.

Callie POV

I wasn't sure how I was going to ask her or if she would even say yes I thought to myself as I splashed the warm San Diego water around with my feet and watched them dig into the soft beach sand. The California sun was just beginning to set and it was my favorite time of the day as I looked to the horizon and saw the bright yellow and orange colors glowing from it, which was such a stark contrast from the gloomy days of the Midwest sky I had grown up in. The warmth of the air and the breeze felt good as for the first time in all my life I was finally able to relax and breathe with very few cares in the world. The bruises that once covered my arms, and my legs were now faded. The burns that had filled my face, back and stomach were slowly beginning to heal and I had finally been bold enough to wear a two piece bathing suit. As I continued to splash in the water every once in awhile I would look back towards the beach to see my foster mom, Stef, and her girlfriend, Lena, soaking up the sun and chatting away. In my mind I was still so fearful that my foster mother would

one day leave and leave me alone to fend for myself, to leave me out in the world again, to leave me and to no longer want me, that she would get sick of me and my issues, that she would get sick of me period. It was embarrassing to feel this way at 15 and it was embarrassing to have to keep needing this constant reassurance from her on a daily basis that she would never leave me. But it never bothered her to keep telling me from what I sensed and she told me everyday. I continued to stare at the two as if it had not been for them I might have been dead. Lena wasn't just Stef's girlfriend but she was also the Vice Principal of my school. When I first met her a few months ago her friendliness scared me because I didn't trust that it was real. I was waiting for her and I was waiting for Stef to begin the verbal abuse, to begin to tell me I meant nothing and I was nothing. I was waiting for them to strike me, I was waiting for them to pick up where others had left off. I was always just waiting. But it had never happened. Not once. They had in fact done the opposite. They had saved me. Both of them.

Stef, she was another story one that I could write a book about one day. As I continued to stare back at her I watched her long blonde hair blow in the wind as she sat in the sand with her cop uniform on. Every night she took me to the beach when she got off work because she knew I loved it and she would rush home after her shift never coming inside to change her clothes as I stood by the door waiting for her as we had just enough time to get here before the sun set. In the beginning I never understand why she did this for me. Why she cared so much and she cared from day one. That always confused me and still does from time to time. Just the way she treated me from the first night I went home with her was so foreign to me that I barely could speak to her. I barely could look at her and I barely let her touch me or anything. I was much too afraid. I was much too terrified. But now she was my friend, she was my best friend and I never let her go and she never let me go. I wanted terribly for her to be my mom...but I just didn't know how to ask her. I didn't know how to form the words as their was still a part of me that believed I was nothing. That I didn't deserve her. That I was still a nobody.

"I'm still here baby looking at you!" I came out of my mind and heard Stef yell and wave at me like she always did every time I looked back to her. I nodded at her and smiled back widely as Lena waved as well big and wide. I looked back at the sun and then looked back at the two most important women in my life and I saw them share a kiss with one another. I couldn't help but smile and turn back to the sun. I was planning on asking her today but I was chickening out and I had not planned on Lena coming. Of course I didn't mind her being here but it made it a littler harder to ask.

"Callie don't be so stupid. This home is just temporary until they find me a permanent one. That was the agreement. Why would she want me? No one ever has. Why would she want me to be Callie Foster?" I shook my head at my stupid idea as I knew my heart wanted it so badly and I just couldn't shake it off. My mind was continuing to be flooded and I continued to second guess myself until I felt a hand on my shoulder and I jumped. I looked up seeing Stef looking down at me and she squeezed my hand softly as she always did.

"I'm sorry love I didn't mean to startle you."

"No, no it's ok I was just looking at the sun and got caught up in my

thoughts." I looked down at the sand and held her hand tighter.

"That's ok sweets I know how much you love the sunsets love." She said placing her arm around me and squeezing me close into her uniform. I rested my head on her chest as I loved the comfort and protectiveness she provided. It had taken me a very long time to even let Stef so much as to gently touch my shoulder or rub my hand. It had actually taken months as I was completely horrified. Even now once in awhile I found myself sometimes still flinching and she would gently reassure me that I could take all the time in the world to feel ok and comfortable. She never lost patience ever. As I felt her hold me closer and kiss the top of my head my mind quickly went back to the question I so badly wanted to ask her and I tried to get my lips to move.

"Stef?" I got the nerve to finally say.

"Yes baby?" I looked up to her and stared at her profile that looked out into the sunset.

"I...I don't want to leave you." I stuttered as I quickly moved my eyes to look down at the sand. That was not what I intended to say but it was what came out. Now what? I had already said too much and just wanted to pull away from her but she gently pulled away from me and lifted my chin up to look into her intense eyes.

"Who said you have to leave me sweets?" She questioned. I was confused by her answer as she knew this was only temporary too. Unless she forgot.

"Well, I just mean, this isn't like forever and stuff...and I know. And it's just until someone wants me..but." I trailed off again as I continued to embarrassingly stumble over my words. I locked eyes with my foster mom that were sensitive and kind. She let out a soft smile and rubbed the side of my face and moved in to kiss my forehead.

"Who said I don't want you love?"

My face must have given away my shocked expression. Did she just say she might want me? This didn't make sense. This wasn't what I was expecting...I.

"Callie baby, I..I never really intended to have children. I mean I just didn't think I would be any good at it. To be honest I just planned on being a cop since that seemed to be the only thing I was good at. I certainly never intended on falling in love with Lena. That I never saw coming." She laughed and I smiled as she looked deeply into my eyes and held my chin up softly as she always did.

"But you my love, goodness...you were the biggest surprise of my life..and I wasn't sure how to ask you myself as I didn't know if you would want it." Her eyes were beginning to tear which I rarely saw, but I didn't understand what she was saying to me.

"Want what?" I said confused as I didn't know what she was talking about. Unless she really really meant what I thought but that couldn't be possible. Or could it? I just couldn't get my mind to

believe she wanted me.

"Callie my love, my sweet girl, I would love more than anything to adopt you if that's what you would like. I would love to be your mother...and." I heard Stef but her voice faded out as I continued to look into her eyes without hearing her. I didn't know if I heard what I thought I heard. I had no idea if I heard it. Or if my mind was playing tricks on me. My heart was beating faster and faster and my stomach that had been filled with knots continuing to be filled with more knots. But was she kidding? Was she playing a joke on me. I didn't know if she was or if she was real. Sometimes my life with Stef felt too good to be real and that scared me because I felt like it could be taken away at any moment. At any single moment it could go back to what it was for the past 15 years. Pain, abuse, loneliness. All the things she tried to erase could come back at any single moment. I...I was speechless. I didn't know how to answer as I wasn't expecting this. Stef wanted to be my mom and my eyes were tearing and hard.

"Callie?" I heard her call my name as I was still deep in thought and I looked back into her tear stained eyes as she wiped mine.

"Baby girl is that not something you want love?"

I just looked into her eyes as the past year of my life flooded back into my mind.

2. A Few Months Ago

****This chapter takes place a few months before the first chapter.****

CALLIE POV

"So don't start any problems and we won't have any problems. Understand?" I heard my foster mother say as we drove up to Anchor Beach School and I sat not moving an inch in the passenger seat of her BMW. I took a napkin out and wiped the blood from my lips that she had split earlier this morning when she slapped me in the mouth.

"Yes, ma'am." I responded softly.

"Are you stupid. Look at me. You are always took look at me when I talk to you!" I felt her hand grab my face and push it to look at hers almost snapping my neck as I dared not to show pain. That would set her off, everything set her off. Either it did or it didn't as I learned it depended on what mood she was in. Normally it wasn't a very good one. From the outside Justina Marks looked like a friendly middle aged working woman which is what I thought she was. She had seemed happy, successful and comfortable in her life. Originally she had been my social worker since I was moved to San Diego and had even helped get me out of an abusive foster home. I thought she had saved me and I thought she had cared about me. But that was the last thing she felt as she had turned out to be an even bigger monster than any of the homes I had ever been in. Justina had power and she was in a high position that left me feeling powerless and trapped. She threatened me daily that if I told, if I told anyone she would have my head. She would make sure I was put in the worst group home ever

because she said she knew about all of them. There was no escaping her and I felt more trapped than ever. The only hope I had to go on was that I would be 18 in three years and I just had to survive until then. That was if she didn't kill me by then. I continued to look fearfully into her eyes as my lip began to bleed again as I heard an outside school bell ring and she finally let go of me._

"Don't be such a baby. That slap I gave you this morning couldn't have hurt that bad. Just pat it and it will be fine. It's your fault anyway as I told you not to mouth off at me. All you have to do is listen Callie. But you just refuse to." She shook her head as I looked toward her and patted my lip dry.

"Justina Iâ€¦|"...but before I could get another word out she grabbed my arm but as sneaky as she was about it she grabbed it in a way that no one on the outside could see how hard and painful she had done it.

"You talk only when I tell you. Do you know why?" Her voice was mean and cruel and my eyes were stinging so bad from the pain of how she was gripping my arm so tight and twisting the skin. I swallowed hard as I felt a lump in my throat and I just wanted her to be done I just wanted so badly to fade away into nothing as I tried to put my mind elsewhere, somewhere, anywhere as I looked into her eyes again and she smirked at me.

"Well of course you don't know why because you're just so stupid that it's unbelievable. Well I'll tell you why since you will never figure it out. It's because the truth is you are nothing to be honest. You are literally just nothing and because you are nothing your little opinion doesn't matter. It doesn't matter, and your feelings don't matter, because you don't matter. Let me tell you something you are lucky anyone even acknowledges your presence. Very lucky as you are nothing but a damaged foster kid that no one in their right mind wants so you better get on your hands and knees and pray everyday and you better be glad that I even let you breath the same air I do."

Her words no matter how hard I tried to block them out stung like knives. And made me sick to my stomach as I knew as soon as I got in the school I would throw up. Her grip became even tighter as she smiled at me knowing she was hurting me and the tears started to fall down my cheek. The tears I was trying so hard to hold back.

"Justina please...I will..." I would say anything she wanted at this point for I just wanted her to stop.

"You will what. Oh you will listen? she said twisting harder.

"Yes,,yes please." I begged.

"I should bend your arm back and break it. Now that would be funny."

My stomach turned as the pain was making me horribly nauseous.

_"Uh. Just get out as I have more important things to do than mess

with you in the car Ms. Nobody." She said smiling in an angry voice and finally letting go of my arm which was throbbing in pain._

"And remember what I said about those clothes. You get anything on them even so much as a pen mark and I will be wiping your face with the floor tonight."

"Yes ma'am." I slowly bent down and grabbed my new backpack that she gotten and gently got out of the car carefully not slamming the door. I turned away fearfully and heard her speed away as I then was finally able to breath and I let out a sigh of relief. School was the only escape I had and I cherished every second of it. Putting her out of my mind I looked around seeing the crowds of kids heading into the school but that was not what caught my attention. The beach. In all my life I had never been to the beach and I had wanted to so bad. I wanted to feel the warm water on my feet, I wanted to feel the sun and sand and I only imagined how free it must feel. Freer than anything I could imagine. I knew I didn't have much time to explore it before I had to meet with my new Vice Principle but I had too just for a second feel the sand and touch it. Just for a moment. At this moment at this second it was my choice and I didn't have anyone pulling me away. Just for a second. But as life would have it as I started to walk near the beach I had not looked where I was going and tripped and fell onto the ground leaving my bag on the floor and my books spilling out. It would have been ok if Justina had not kicked the crap out of my stomach last night but the pain was mind bending.

"Ouch." I winched as I attempted to slowly get up when I felt someone grab my arm gently but almost involuntarily I moved it out the way.

"Hey love are you ok?" My chest was now hurting horribly and my ribs continued to cramp when I looked up to see a blonde haired cop staring down at me and now kneeling.

"Are you ok sweets? I saw you take a pretty bad fall. Come honey take my hand." She smiled wide at me but had a strange look of concern on her face. I didn't want to take her hand at all. I didn't and I was hoping she wouldn't try to grab my arm again. It was still in pain.

"Um..I'm ok. I...I can get up." I said as I slowly began to get up feeling every bit of pain in my body but trying so hard to conceal it from her.

"I don't know honey you look like you're hurting. Why don't I take you inside sweetheart?" She said still attempting to help me but I kept pulling my arm away from her which probably didn't go unnoticed by her.

"Honest...I'm umm I'm ok really. I can do it." I fully stood up now as she looked defeated at me but her face was still filled with worry as she picked up my books and placed them in my bag.

"Well your lip is bleeding you should really go to the nurse honey." She came closer to me and I backed away terrified which she must have noticed as the expression on her face changed to surprise as I almost fell again. The blonde grabbed me.

"Whoa sweetheart be careful. Love, I know we just met but why don't' you let me take you inside you.."

"No!" I yelled accidentally cutting her off and fearing what she would do to me as I noticed the look of surprise again on her face and I suddenly couldn't breathe and I grabbed my bag from her and ran inside as fast as I could. So far my plan to be unnoticed was not turning out well.

* * *

><p>As I quickly came out the bathroom and tried my best to clean the dirt off and the blood from my lips I searched for the office of Lena Adams. After my morning spill and the awkward altercation with that blonde cop I just wanted to get to class and fade away. I still had a few hours to myself and I wanted terribly to walk on that beach. But the pain my body was in was still making my eyes tear as each time I moved my arm and breathed it felt like my body was being ripped in two. After a secretary pointed me in the correct direction I approached a frosted color door that was half open with the words Lena Adams written across. I knew I had to fake it pretty bad in the next few moments but it was something I was use to doing. I had been faking it with adults and kids my own age for as long as I was alive. I needed people to believe I was ok, and not draw any attention to myself especially now. I knocked softly,

"Come in." I heard a friendly voice say. I slowly opened the door and saw a curly haired woman sitting at her desk with a warm smile over her face. But as I walked in as my luck would have it I saw that blonde cop again and my stomach instantly felt turned upside down and a huge lump formed in my throat as the cop turned to look at me and a warm smile fell across her face too. She again must have noticed the fear and panic in my face and my body as I was breathing very heavy.

"You must be Callie." Lena said continuing to smile at me as she stood up and walked over to greet me and extended her arm out to shake my hand.

"I'm Lena Adams." I slowly shook it as it was soft and warm but I pulled away quickly and I looked to the cop again.

"Am I in trouble? I.." I swallowed hard and stuttered over my words.

"No no, of course not..this is my girlfriend Stef. She's nice enough to bring me some coffee." I looked to the cop again who again smiled widely at me but with a look of suspicion on her face probably from the way I had behaved outside just a few moments ago. I was pretty sure I had probably angered her.

"Hi again honey." Her voice was warm and gentle which I did not expect. I was expecting her to rip my head off the same as Justina would do.

"Again?" Lena questioned looking confused at both of us as my face turned flustered.

_"Yes my love, Cal dropped a few books outside so I just helped her." She winked at me as she got up from her seat and stood closer to the

brunette as I couldn't help but notice how she called me Cal. That was new for me._

"Anyway, let me leave you two and I hope you enjoy your day Callie." She smiled once again at me as I quickly looked at the floor feeling uncomfortable as I nodded my head.

"Lunch babe?" I heard her address Mrs. Adams.

"Yes 1:30 is good. And anything but salad." My Vice Principle winced.

"You got it babe."

"Bye Cals." I looked up and Stef winked at me again as she called me Cals again. I nodded and she left the room leaving me and the curly haired woman alone.

"So Callie how about a tour of the school? We are so excited to have you here. Your foster mother speaks highly of you." She once again smiled at me as my stomach instantly filled with knots at the mention of Justina.

3. The Nightmare

****Hi all thanks so much for your amazing reviews for this story! To answer a few questions in this story Callie is 15 and Stef and Lena are the same ages they are in the show which I assume is in their mid 40s. The chapters will go back and forth between present and past so hopefully it does not get confusing. If so please let me know! Thanks loves!-Stef1981****

Stef POV Present

As I watched my little girl splash in the waves of the warm San Diego beach I couldn't help but smile my widest smile at her as she appeared to be so happy. Most likely the happiest she had ever been in her life for I knew the past 15 years of it had been pure hell. I knew my baby enjoyed the beach more than anything and I loved taking her every single day as I had learned that it was her favorite place on earth to be. It was here that she was like a bird, or almost rather like a butterfly who had come out of their cocoon and I loved watching her blossom each and everyday more and more into that butterfly. It was also the one place that she would willfully open up about her past, and where she seemed to let out the most painful times of her life. Callie had cried many many nights on this beach in my arms for hours, and she had shed so many tears, 15 years worth, but now she not only shed tears but she had also smiled so many more smiles now. To Lena and I it was no secret how truly far she had come but it was also no secret as to how far and how much work she would still need and I was ready for that battle every single day for I wanted more than anything to be her mother.

When I first took Callie in a few months ago it had been very tough for she had so much baggage that it was nearly impossible for me to even fathom what kind of abuse and neglect she had gone through in her life. For starters she was completely and utterly terrified to speak to me and Lena, she barely looked at me only from time to time for she kept her head ducked down to the floor 95 percent of the

time, she only responded to me if I asked her something and even then her responses were completely inaudible. If either Lena or I stood too close to her Callie would shake, she would tremble, she would flinch when I went to touch her hand gently, or shoulder. She never asked me for anything not even pads when I knew she was getting her period. I ended up just leaving them out for her on her bed and attached little reminder notes that they were hers and that it was ok. Even then I would find her obsessively trying to clean the apartment or make my bed as for whatever reason she thought she had too. I had to tell her numerous times she was not the maid, that she was welcome to eat anytime she wanted or take any food she would like out of the fridge, that she did not have to pick up after me, she did not have to cook dinner or pay her way. I was to take care of her, and it was ok for her to be a kid but I could see on her face that she didn't understand. She didn't understand that I loved doing things for her, that I loved taking her out to eat and going to the movies or anything else fun she wanted to do. She always assumed I wanted something in return or that there was a catch. I believe at times she still thinks this and every time I reassure her I do it because I want to.

As the first few weeks went by I soon learned many more things about my daughter. Callie was deathly afraid of the dark, she was extremely claustrophobic, she absolutely hated to sleep with her door closed, she completely disliked hot food, and she was horrified of hot showers. I found it somewhat difficult at first to pick up all of this on my own but as time went on I learned the reasons for each and every one. She was claustrophobic for she been locked in rooms so many times with no way of escaping by former foster parents, she disliked hot food because a few times hot oatmeal had been thrown at her and hot soup had been forced down her throat. She hated hot showers because she was thrown in boiling hot water as a kid in the bathtub. Each and every time she revealed more of her past the more my heart broke. The more my heart ached and the more I wanted to hold her close to me forever. On top of everything else I had for the first few weeks barely had gotten any sleep and had been walking around like a complete zombie. It wasn't because Callie misbehaved or snuck out at night or caused trouble it was because of the horrific nightmares she would have every single night which caused her to scream out in the middle of the night for dear life. Calming her down proved to be difficult if not challenging for in the beginning she would not let me near her, not even my hand could touch her for she would run and hide in the corner of the room or lock herself in the bathroom from fear that I would hurt her. Most nights I sat outside the bathroom trying to calmly reassure her that I wouldn't hurt her, that I loved her and cared for her, that she had nothing to be afraid of. On occasion it got so bad bad that I would call Lena to come over and help me calm her down and she too would sit outside the locked bathroom with me for hours trying to convince Callie neither of us would hurt her.

It had taken weeks if not months for Callie to slowly begin to trust me and there are still times to this day that she questions it for I see that panic and fear take over her body and I see it in her eyes the worry that she has said something wrong. But each and everyday I reassure her that I am not and never ever will be like any of those horrible former homes that hurt her, that betrayed her, that broke her soul and spirit. That robbed her of her childhood. I was the one person who would give it back to her, who would make her see how wonderful she was, how beautiful she was and how much she meant to

me. I would tell her over and over for as long as I would need to that I would never betray her not one bit. Somedays I believed we had made progress, a ton of progress but then some days we would almost go five steps back until about three weeks ago when I had truly broke through to her even more as she woke up screaming with probably the worst nightmare she had ever had.

"_Dont hurt me please! I'm sorry please, please, please!" I heard my daughter screaming at the top of her lungs as I instantly flew out of my bed faster than I ever had. Her scream was so piercing and so gut wrenching that I thought someone was attacking her. But as I ran into her bedroom I found her rolling around and tossing and turning in her bed and forth._

"_Please don't hurt me I promise, please I'll be good! I'll be good!" She kept screaming as I finally made it to the side of her bed and grabbed her holding her in my arms tight as I felt her entire body was dripping with sweat._

"_Baby, baby it's ok it's ok. I'm here it's ok my love." I held her even tighter as I suddenly felt her pull away as I didn't think she realized it was me._

"_No, no please don't hurt me don't hurt me please. Please don't hurt me!" She ducked her head into her hands just as she had done months ago when she thought I would strike her. _

"_Baby it's me, it's Stef, it's ok I won't let anyone hurt you ever. It's me honey. It's me babygirl." I said as she slowly lifted her head up realizing it was me. _

"_It's me baby. It's Stef." I reassured her again letting out a soft smile as I gently touched her arm. _

"_Mama?" She softly spoke as her eyes turned bigger as she looked straight into mine._

But at that moment no one could fathom how much she had touched my heart as I heard the word Mama come from her mouth. I didn't know if she was fully awake or if she had even realized she had called me that or if she had even realized it was me. Callie at that moment was so scared almost like a little girl, and so deathly afraid of whatever she had dreamt or whatever memory that nightmare had triggered that all I could do was just hold her as she fell into my chest and grabbed me holding on for dear life as I rubbed the side of her face.

"_Yes...my love it's mama it's ok I got you. I got you always." I kissed the top of her head as I felt her squeeze me even harder._

"_I was ...I was so scared. I thought..I thought I was backâ€¦.Mama hold me. Hold me tighter please. Don't don't let them take me." She begged as she continued to cry in my arms._

"_I won't honey. Ever. No one will take you. No one. I will always protect you always."_

That night Callie didn't budge out of my arms. Not one single movement did she make as she stayed glued to me and as I rocked her

back and forth in my arms. I wanted so badly to wipe the sweat off her and to get her into new pajamas but she just wouldn't let go of me for anything in the world and I knew the thick wall she had been keeping up had finally broken.

As I think about my last few months with Callie I already knew in my mind's eye and in my heart, deep deep inside my heart, that this little girl had truly become my life and she had become my little girl even at 15 and I had not one single regret about taking her into my home as she had made it feel like just that. Truth was I was no longer just a cop, I was no longer just Lena's girlfriend, but I had become someone's mother and I was responsible for another human being, I was to make sure she was happy, that she had what she needed, and that I was there for her no matter what, that I would protect her and give my own life to save hers. That's what a mother did and that was who I was now.

"She looks so happy love. Are you going to ask her?" I heard Lena say as I had come out of my thoughts feeling her grab my hand and smile at me as we had talked about it for a few weeks and she knew I wanted to adopt Callie. I had my doubts in the beginning if I would be any good at it but I knew I wouldn't be able to live without this little girl in my life. Seeing her every morning put the biggest smile on my face.

"You think she's ready for it... I mean for me to ask her. I just don't want to pressure her or scare her off?" I said looking over to my daughter who was staring back at me to make sure I was still there like she did every night.

"I'm still here baby looking at you!" I yelled and waved at her as did Lena. Callie smiled at me and turned back to look at the water.

"I think she's more than ready honey and I honestly don't think you are pressuring her. Just ask her if it's something she would like. But in my eyes and I am sure in Callie's eyes if anyone is her mother you are." Lena squeezed my hand as I looked into her brown soft eyes as she had been supportive from day one with Callie.

"This is why I love you baby. This is why and for so many other reasons." I said leaning in to kiss her as she gently kissed me back.

"I love you too Stefanie Foster." I touched her face softly and moved a curl back and tucked it around her ear.

"Love I still want to marry you butâ€¦" I trailed off and turned to look at Callie again.

"Baby, I'm not going anywhere. I think you are doing the right thing and you know I'm here. We will get married once Callie gets a little more settled. It's fine honey. You know I want to be and continue to be apart of your life with her. I know how important she is to you and I very much know how important you are to her."

"You are important to me as well my love. The both of you and I want us to be a family. More than anything."

"We already are honey. I am patient." Lena placed her hand on my face

and rubbed it.

"Now go get your daughter. She's waiting for you honey." Lena kissed my lips softly again as I kissed hers back. Pulling away gently I smiled at her as she gave me her encouraging look as I slowly got up off the sand and walked slowly over to my little girl who was completely taken in by the sun. I was hoping more than anything that she would want to be apart of my life forever.

4. Two Lives

****Just a reminder past chapters will be in italics and present chapters will be in regular text. Enjoy! -Stef1981****

STEV POV

"_Hey babe." I said entering Lena's bedroom and walking over to kiss her lips softly as I had just ended my exhausting shift three hours later then expected._

"_Hi my love. I wasn't sure if you were still sleeping over." She said kissing me back softly as she sat up in the bed with one of her magazines I presumed._

"_Yes..sorry love I got held up at work. Convenience store robbery." I placed my gun belt on her dresser and slowly undressed throwing a t-shirt on and hanging my uniform in her closet. Lena and I had been together for a year when I met her at the local coffee shop outside the precinct._

"_Goodnes...you can leave that part out." I heard the hint of worry in her voice as I had almost forgotten to leave out those details of my job._

"_Yes love I apologize." I slowly got into her bed and layed my back and head on the soft pillow and looked over to her and let out a small smile._

"_Forgiven." She smiled looking back at me and returned to look at whatever was on her lap as I couldn't help but notice Callie's name and a thick stack of papers._

"_Wow, thats one big file." I sat up a little and leaned my back on the headboard._

"_Stef, this girl has been placed in so many schools and so many homes I just can't believe it. I'm sure half her records have been lost, and I can already see she's behind."_

"_She's a foster kid?" I said surprised._

"_Yes. Abused as well."_

"_Mm that explains it." I placed my reading glasses on as I peeked over Lena's shoulder to scan her file._

"_Explains what honey?"_

"_Our altercation outside this morning. True she did drop her books

and she took a nasty fall but when I went to help her she literally looked almost terrified of me. Almost like she was protecting herself as if I would hurt her or something. I freaked her out so much she ran away from me." I looked to her concerned remembering the young girl's horrified face and busted lip from her fall._

"_Goodness. No wonder when she came in the office she looked at you the way she did. Poor thing. She must have been through so much." Lena sighed as her voice was filled with concern and worry as she continued to look at each and every page of Callie's records._

"_You wonder the people they give these foster care licenses too and how that's even possible.I just don't get it." She said._

"_I know babe but I see it everyday. Some of these parents literally beat the shit out of these kids and their own. Its unfortunate."_

"_Fortunately Callie's in a good home now with a woman that runs a division at Social Services. She helped Callie get out of an abusive home and took her in a few months ago."_

"_Thats a relief." I wrapped my arms around Lena as she put her files down and snuggled into me._

"_Honey do you ever regret...do you ever regret not having children?" She asked as I looked in front of me._

"_Mmm no. I never really..well I just never thought much about it. Soon as I graduated high school I entered the academy and just lived and breathed my work. I guess there were a few times I thought about it but after my miscarriages and failed marriage I just never wanted to deal with that again. I guess I wasn't meant to have babies." I said trying to convince Lena and myself that what I said was true._

"_I know it was painful for you honey but it's not too late if you wanted to try again or..."_

"_I'm ok honey. Honest. I'd be fine If I never had children. It's just more work and a whole bunch of bla bla blah that comes along with it. I don't want to run after a one year old when I chase criminals all day." I joked._

"_I guess." I heard sadness come from her voice._

"_Hey my love what's up? Did I say something?" I said looking down at her as she looked up to me._

"_I don't know honey. From time to time I think about us having a baby together."_

"_You do? Why didn't you mention it before?" I said confused._

"_Babe I knew about what happened with you and I just didn't want to bring it up. I mean from time to time I think about it, it's not like a constant thought but to be honest I'm completely happy with how our life is now. We can come and go when we please, we can go out late, we have a ton of freedom and we enjoy each others company. Plus at

our ages it's just more complicated to get pregnant and I didn't want that hassle for either of us._

"_Lena?" I continued to stroke the side of her face as she snuggled into me again._

"_Yes."_

"_I mean please be honest would you like a child with me? I don't want to ever deny you of your dreams or what you want from life baby. I have dealt with my past and issues honey...if."_

"_I know baby. It's just a thought at times not constant as I said. For right now I am enjoying my life alone with you and I will enjoy it even more when we get married. I enjoy the peace and calmness of it._

"_Are you sure my love?" I looked down at her again as she looked up at._

"_I am sure babe. I am." She smiled._

"_Well..if anything changes.."_

"_Of course honey. If anything changes I will let you know. Promise."_

"_Ok baby. Goodnight my love." I softly kissed her head as I held her tight in my arms and as I felt her hold me tighter._

"_Goodnight my love. I love you." She said._

"_I Love you too baby."_

* * *

><p>CALLIE POV

All I wanted to do more then anything was to go to bed as I really didn't want to spend another minute listening to Justina go on a tangent about how useless I was and contributed nothing to the world or society. My head was pounding and the fall I took earlier outside the school was hurting my lower back and ribs. The bed no matter how uncomfortable it was, was all I wanted more then anything but I knew sleep was still a few hours off.

"_So I hope you made a good impression on your first day to Mrs. Adams. I don't want any phone calls about you failing or causing trouble. Is that understood?"_

I looked up at her as she took a small bite of her steak. I hated steak in fact I hated every single meal she cooked. Even the smell of it made me sick as I chewed slowly on the rare piece she had given me as I found it hard to chew as the punch she gave me earlier had loosened my tooth in the back and each time I chewed it would wiggle.

"_I did ma'am." I said switching the meat to the other side of my mouth._

"_Good. Just keep it up. Make any friends?"_

I looked up at her again wondering if this was a trick question. She liked to tease me sometimes with questions like this. She knew I wasn't any good at making friends and I was unsure how to respond.

"_Oh wait what am I asking of course you didn't you little social misfit. You better start talking to people little dummy." She smirked again at me shaking her head as I swallowed the giant chunk of meat that I could no longer chew as my jaw was now killing me._

"_You better eat all of that too or I'll shove it down your throat. That cost money and I don't have to spend a dime on you. Infact I don't even need to feed you. You know that right?"_

I looked up at her softly as I was hoping to god it would not be another one of those nights where she beat me for hours on end in which she showed no mercy. She had already beat me when we first got home over the dirt she saw on my clothes that I so desperately had tried to clean off with not much luck.

"_Yes ma'am." I voiced softly._

"_Good I'm glad we understand each other. Keep it that way." My eyes lowered to see her gently cut another piece of her steak and slowly place it in her mouth again as I felt another sharp pain go through my stomach and my jaw. My mind faded out as I stared at my own food forcing it down my throat. I thought of that beach that I still had not been able to go to. My lunch hour got eaten up by the tour Ms. Adams gave me but for some reason I had not minded since she was so nice but unfortunately I didn't trust her. She could probably turn on me at any moment the same for her cop girlfriend she had who had called me Cals. But I couldn't help but wonder if they had kids and what kind of parents they were. If they beat their kids or if they hugged them and kissed them the way I had wished someone would to do to me. I wondered if they always spoke so softly or always used such affectionate terms when talking and I wondered if they thought I was weird or just odd as most people said I was. I wondered if..my thoughts got interrupted by a blow to the back of my head as I fell off the chair and onto the floor as Justina stood over me._

"_How dare you ignore me! How dare you!" She screamed as I slowly tried to get up and crawl away from her but my head was in so much pain and I felt the back of it and saw blood on my fingers as the room continued to spin around me._

"_Get up!" I felt her kick my stomach the same as she had done the night before as I stood on my knees but fell again to the floor. I knew once she was angry, once she got started it wouldn't end. I knew it no matter what and no matter how hard I tried one way or another I always angered her._

"_I'm sorryâ€¦I'm sorry Justina Iâ€¦_" I grabbed my stomach as she kicked my back. "Please...I'm sorry."_

"_Get up!" She yelled again. "Get up now!"_

_I tried hard to get up but each time I got to my knees she kicked me down again and again as she repeatedly kicked my stomach and my back

to the point where I could no longer even try to get to my knees._

"_Fine you don't want to get up huh? You don't want to then I'll drag you. Ill drag you to where you belong!" she said as my weak body tried so hard to move but I felt her grab me by hair and drag me along the floor. I was already in so much pain I was numb as my body could no longer feel it as tears streamed down my face._

"_I don't know how many more times I have to show you! Or tell you! You do this, you just continue to make do this and make me so angry!"_

"_I'm sorry...I'm sorry please." I felt her yank my hair even harder as she grabbed me and pushed me into the closet locking the door behind me_

"_Please don't leave me in here. Please I'm sorry please!"_

"_You hush up before I keep you in their all night! You haven't learned Callie. You still haven't. You don't ever ignore your mother. Never! You stay in their until you have learned your lesson!"'_

"_Please Justina.,,please.." but the pain was too much as I slide down on the tiny floor in front of me feeling the panic take over as I was locked in the dark small closet for the second row in a night for Justina knew I was scared. That I was terrified of being locked in rooms and of small places and of the dark. That was why she did it for she had seen my file, she had counsuled me in the beginning and she used it all against me. She was mean hearted, she was cruel and...and my mind went blank as I continued to feel dizzy and nauseous from hitting the back of my head on the wood floor. I pressed my knees against my chest as the warm tears fell down my face. I didn't want to die, I didn't want too...and I thought of I thought of the beach at school, the sand, the warm water. I needed to make it to tomorrow. I needed to as my eyes felt heavy and I closed them to no longer feel the pain I was in...the beach...I just needed to make it._

5. Who Did This To You?

**Enjoy!**

CALLIE POV

_Walking to school this morning proved not only to be painful but tremendously slow as I tried to mask the extreme and intense amount of pain my body was in as it radiated throughout my ribs, my stomach and my back. Locking me in the closet last night and the punch to my face had just been the beginning of Justinas rage as at 2 AM she suddenly forced me to clean the house from top to bottom as watching over every single thing I did. She said she wanted to get rid of my stink and the order I left in the house. I wasn't sure what she meant for I dared not to question her. Cleaning was more painful then anything for it forced me to move my arms which were in pain, my shoulders, my legs and my head which was still throbbing from hitting the floor. Each time I kneeled to wipe each and every section of the floor, and made any kind of regular movements I would wince in pain

and then she would scream. She would scream louder and louder and stepped on my hand more than once. I was lucky she didn't break it. Finally after almost four hours of cleaning and when the clock struck 6 AM she was satisfied and got dressed for work in a somewhat scary and happy mood. That mood alone frightened me to no end for she was even more unpredictable. Knowing I was in pain she left me to walk to the 30 minutes to school to finish out my punishment. I was actually grateful she didn't drive me to school for it meant I got to spend a longer amount of time away from her control and from her strong grip on me. I thought about hiding in the school all night or just leaving to anywhere but here, I did but I somehow felt she would find me. And if she did there was no telling what she would do. I was just too scared._

I felt my puffy jaw on the right side of my face the punch she had given me most certainly had left a bruise and I was hoping the makeup I was using would continue to cover it but I would certainly need to check it throughout the day. Before she left Justina had warned me that if anyone asked about my bruises to tell them my boyfriend down the street named Oliver did it. Of course it was a lie for I had no boyfriend but she gave me an entire story to tell. That he went to Jefferson, she gave me the name of his parents, his birthday and anything else in case anyone got suspicious. I learned she was a pro at lying and unfortunately so was I.

As I finally made it to school and neared the entrance I had to take a break for that walk tired me out more than I had anticipated. I quickly opened my bag to pop a pain reliever when I glanced over to the parking lot to see Mrs. Adams and her girlfriend Stef walking toward me.

"Shit shit shit." I said to myself. "Not now. Not today." I was hoping to god they had not seen me for I knew the cop was already suspicious of me and she probably had said something to Mrs. Adams about my strange behavior just yesterday. I looked around trying to figure out where to go and decided to turn around and use the side entrance. I walked and limped as fast as humanly possible given my condition to avoid these two and within a few minutes I had blended in with the crowd and I quickly had made it inside. By this time my breathing was heavy but slowing down as I pretty much thought I had dodged them but as I kept looking behind me I neglected to look in front of me I slammed right into Stef. Again.

"I'm sorry...I'm so sorry!" I said apologetically but avoiding her face as I looked down to the floor. I didn't want her to see my face. I didn't want her to at all and I was hoping the makeup and my hair was hiding it. But how the hell was I going to get out of this?

"It's ok honey we just seem to always meet like this." I heard her say jokingly as I tried to run from her again and still not lifting my head up. But running away proved to be much more difficult this time as she had blocked me.

"Hey wait my love, wait, wait!" she placed her hand on my arm and I again pulled away.

"Love what...lift your head up honey." I didn't move. I didn't move at all for if she saw my face it was over.

"I'm fine...I just fell. I'm fine please let me go." But she wouldn't let me go and I was freaking out. I was freaking out even more when I felt her hand touch my face. I was so scared. I was so terrified but... she did not pull it. She did not grab it. She was soft and gentle but I remembered Justina had been nice in the beginning too. But somehow Stef felt more sincere, she felt more graceful, she felt more concerned and honest. But I didn't want to believe it. I didn't want to and I was never trusting another adult in my life. Never again. As she gently moved my face up I knew she would see everything written on it as my eyes met hers and she let out a gasp.

"Baby, what happened to you? What...what happened to your face sweetheart." her eyes were big and her face became worried. It wasn't something I understood.

"Nothing! Nothing...i just hadâ€¦|" the boyfriend line Justina had told me was slipping my mind. I couldn't remember it, I couldn't remember his name or anything of that nature. That story faded and only the truth was floating around in my head. The way Stef looked at me wasn't helping and I just wanted to run from her. I wanted to run so badly but she was not giving up not in the least as she continued to hold me.

"Love, I wasn't born yesterday and I'm a cop. What happened to you honey?" Her continued to remain stern but it was concerned. She was hard to read. I remained silent as I was terrified. If I told on Justina she would kill me.

"Honey, come with me. This I can not ignore my love."

"No I can't! I told you I just fell please just leave me alone I am fine. Please." I begged looking into her eyes.

"Callie, love, you're not fine. Now someone did this to you." she said grabbing my arms gently and I pulled away from her harder but she pulled back.

"Ouch!" I let out accidentally as she looked at my arms.

"It's more than your face isn't it? Take your jacket off honey."

"No, No! I told you to please leave me alone. Please. I am fine. Honest! Just let me go." Tears were streaming down my face and she would not let up.

"Callie, I am not a mean person and I would never hurt you, I would never hurt a fly but I can clearly see something is wrong and someone is hurting you baby." I didn't want to look in her eyes any longer but they kept going back to her face for some reason. I wanted to tell her for some reason but I wasn't going to. She couldn't help me, and the person I thought was trying to help me had betrayed me. I couldn't make that mistake again and I couldn't say a word. I couldn't.

"Sweets, who is hurting you? Who is it honey?" she held my arms in a different place for she realized the other area had caused pain.

"It's no one! It's no one I fell. I keep telling you." I heard her sigh and I knew she was losing patience with me. Any moment now even though we were in school I knew she could hit me. She could strike me if she wanted.

"Love come with me." she grabbed my hand but I pulled away so hard that she almost fell back as I tried to run but forgot about the pain I was in and winced again as I held my stomach.

"Callie!" I felt her grab me softly again and I tried once again to pull away but the pain had taken over.

"I'm not arguing with you not another second. Let's go."

* * *

><p>STEF POV

As Callie sat on the couch in Lena's office facing the both of us with her head down we waited patiently for her to speak. It was only her second day here and I knew from the minute I bumped into her yesterday that something was off with her. Yes, I had believed she was in a good home based on what Lena told me last night with this Justina woman but I was having very strong doubts right now. I knew many people in high positions who had abused their children and just because she was a social worker or in charge of a company that helped children in need didn't make a difference at all. People lied and they lied often for one reason or another and I knew Callie was lying. As I looked to my girlfriend I could see she had the same doubts as well as her face was filled with worry, fear and sadness. Lena was good with children and had a way of making them feel comfortable, accepted and cared for so I was hoping she could get through to this frightened girl for I had no luck. I was thinking maybe my cop uniform was making it worse or throwing her off even more but I had a feeling it was way more then that as I remember a few things from reading her file along with Lena. This girl had some history. Unfortunately, I knew I had scared her in the hallway but I had no choice to be a little more forceful with her for it was clear as the light of day that she was in trouble and she was terribly afraid to tell us who was beating her. I had seen it many times at work day after day and I knew it would take more than one time to get her to talk if at all for I knew she was protecting whoever did this to her from pure fear.

"Callie it's important for you to know that you aren't in any trouble honey. None at all. We just want to make sure you are ok." Lena spoke softly as I kept my eyes on the young girl. Her face was completely bruised near her right jaw as I saw she tried to cover it with makeup. We still had not gotten her down to the nurse or had gotten her to take her jacket off but I knew she had some bruises on her arms as well and most likely from the way she was walking she had bruises on her legs, her stomach and probably her back. It was no secret to either of us that Callie was probably in more pain then she let on and throughout her entire body. That thought alone angered me for whoever was doing this to her I'd find out and make there life a living hell.

_As Lena spoke as gently as possible to Callie she remained with her eyes to the floor as I saw tears continue to stream down her cheeks and she wiped them as I leaned forward in my chair to pass her a

tissue that she took softly out of my hands._

"Callie love? I began. "Baby you aren't in any trouble. As Lena said we need to make sure you are ok and that whoever hurt you won't do it again. But you need to tell us. You need to tell us who did this to you?" As the moments went by and the seconds ticked away Callie had still not responded to either of us as I turned my head to look at Lena who looked more and more worried.

"Callie, we know you are afraid. And we understand that you are but we just want to help you and the only way we can do that is if you tell us who did this." Lena said.

"Myâ€¦my boyfriend. My boyfriend down the street." The teen stuttered.

A boyfriend? Mmm I didn't believe this one. She was definitely lying as it was written all over her face.

"Ok, ok...that's progress. And what's your boyfriend's name? Does he go to this school honey?" Lena asked.

"No." Callie shook her head as she still avoided any eye contact with either of us.

"Ok what school does she go to honey?"

"Jefferson." she said responding to my girlfriend as I sat observing each answer she gave as more lies continued to spill out of her mouth.

"Love, you told me you fell." I chimed in as Lena looked to me and I finally caught Callie's eyes but she remained quiet as fear took over her.

"Iâ€¦" she began. "I was scared." she looked down breaking eye contact. I had a feeling she knew that I did not believe her.

I nodded my head.

"That's understandable." Lena said softly.

"Well, Callie since I'm a cop you know you can press charges love. Just give me his name and address and I can pick up the little...I can pick him up right now. We can file an order of protection if needed."

"Stef...one step at a time honey." Lena whispered to me and touching my thigh. She knew I sometimes had a way of interrogating in the wrong manner and jumping the gun. Yes I was a little straight forward and harsh at times but this was serious and we had very little time if any to play around.

"Honey, does your foster mom know?."

It was then Callie's body language had changed. She became even more stiff, and her face turned white. Completely white and that hinted something to me more than anything as the red flags went up more than ever.

"She...she knows and she helped me break up with him but I...I wanted to go to school. You don't have to call her Ma'am. She is busy at work and stuff."

"She sent you to school like this?" I chimed in again clearly annoyed. What kind of person sends their kid to school in this kind of pain. Maybe the kind that doesn't give a shit or that did this.

"Honey." Lena reprimanded me yet again but I was growing antsy as this whole story didn't add up with me at all and Lena's slow questioning was driving me insane.

"Well I'm glad she knows and I'm happy to know that you got out of that relationship but I think you are in too much pain to be in school. You need a doctor." Lena gently spoke.

"I'm I'm fine Mrs. Adams." She lied yet again.

"My love, you don't look fine to me. You need a doctor. You need a doctor now." I said sternly as she looked to me once again with the same panic and fear she had before.

"Honey, Stef is right. I will call your foster mom and have her come pick you up. I am sure she wants to make sure you're ok too. I need to do that honey. You may have broken bones and things? Ok?"

But again Callie's body stiffened as Lena mentioned her foster mother again and I was wondering if my girlfriend had noticed her reaction as well._

"Yes." the teen voiced softly and the tears continued to roll down her face as I passed her another tissue.

"It will be ok baby." I smiled as I got up and followed Lena to her desk.

"Love can I talk to you outside?" I said forcefully.

"Now?" She said looking confused at me.

"Yes. Now." My response was stern and direct for I had a very bad feeling about Callie's foster mother as I did not believe this boyfriend story shit one bit and I was only hoping Lena had picked up on the cues as well.

6. The Lie

****Hi all! I did a little mild update to this story if you read it yesterday. I neglected to add a few things in Lena's POV when she was speaking to Callie about who was possibly abusing her. I want to make sure it looks like her and Stef are doing all that is possible to help Callie and I wasn't sure if that came across.****

****I want to thank you for all your reviews with this story as it has been really amazing to write and has been flowing out of my hands!****

STEF POV

"_Stef?" Lena questioned as she closed the office door quietly behind her and we stood in the empty halls of Anchor Beach Charter School. I turned around to face her and tried hard to hide my aggravation._

"_Please tell me you don't believe that story about the boyfriend?" I barked as it came out harsher than I had expected it to._

"Honey I'm not saying I do honey butâ€¦!"

"But? There needs to be a but? _Lena come on there's no boyfriend and that whole entire story is a lie. It's written all over her face." I said pacing back and forth and pointing in the direction of Lena's office toward the direction of Callie._

"_Stef, calm down and please lower your voice. That little girl is frightened enough as it is and we don't need to add anything to it." She pleaded as she looked behind her._

"_Fine. My voice is down. Ok? But I know she's lying and she's protecting whoever did this to her because she's scared shit less. Shit less of that so called wonderful foster mother she has." I rolled my eyes heavily._

"_Honey, look I know you see this at work and I have seen it many times myself kids coming in and out of my office who hide abuse but before I can accuse her foster mother of anything I have to find out all the facts. I can't just barge into her home and accuse her even if all directions point to her. I can't do that honey. There's a procedure I need to follow." she gently placed her hands on my arm as I could feel the anger increase inside of me and my blood begin to boil even more at her response. I got it, I knew damn well she needed to follow procedure but what if Callie didn't have that kind of time. What if she couldn't wait and her time was running out? What then? What if her foster mother was really the one who was beating the crap out of her every night. If that was the case I've never seen it end well. Not once and I couldn't bare for it to happen to Callie._

"_Ok, well I can barge in at any time. Give me her address!" I said forcefully as my voice once again came out louder than expected._

"_Stef I told you to please lower your voice, and you have to calm down."_

"Lena how can I be calm? Tell me please. I mean have you seen her face? Have you? And lord only knows what else she is hiding since she refuses to take her jacket off and be examined by the nurse or us. She's limping for one and holding her stomach and god knows what else." I could feel tears begin to form in my eyes as the frustration I was feeling was reaching a whole new level but I was even more frustrated at Lena the more she spoke as she wasn't giving me the answers I wanted.

"Stef do you think I don't see that? Do you think I don't care or won't try to help her? Is that what you think?" I could hear the defensive tone in her voice as I knew I had come off rather harsh to her.

"No, I'm not saying that ...look..I just..I don't want anything else to happen to that girl." I spoke gently and placed my hand in hers.

"I know sweetheart and I know it's because you care so much. I know you do and I care as well and I don't want anything else to happen to her either. But you have to trust that I will handle this and I will get down to the bottom of it and find out who is honestly hurting her. I will my love." she placed her hand on my face and rubbed the side of it as her brown eyes continued to look concerned and worried.

"_Yes..I know love but ...if there is a boyfriend I want a name, a last name, I want an address I want it all." I demanded_

"_Stef did you not hear me? Did you not just hear what I told you honey? I know your use to taking charge and taking over. I know that about you very well. But you have to trust and believe that I handle these things all the time too just like you. Honest love. And Callie is very fragile, extremely, and I have to take it a little slow with her and it won't help if I have you in there angry and ready to kill people." she joked_

"_Yeah I know," I again sighed heavy to myself as I looked at the floor._

" But babe did you see how she stiffened when you mentioned the foster mother. Did you?".

"_Yes Stef I saw it. And you know as well as I do that Callie is not going to just admit it in 1, 2 3 that she did it. She won't. If her foster mother is abusing her she has a hold on her. You and I both know that."_

"Or the pretend boyfriend." I said sarcastically.

"_Yes or the pretend boyfriend."_

" _Look love, I have to go make some calls. Go to work and I will let you know what happens. I promise ok? I think Callie is feeling a little intimidated by having both of us in there._

"_Yes I know I was afraid I scared her off yesterday and today.â€|.It's just.." _I placed my hand over my forehead.

"_Its just I know you care. I know baby and that's why I love you Stef. It is. You care so much and I'm sure that little girl can see it too." she smiled as I looked into her eyes feeling completely defeated and useless._

"_Lena someone is beating the crap out of her and I can't just sit here and just let it happen." I said shaking my head._

"_I know honey. I know and we will find out who it is. We will baby. You and I will help her."_

* * *

><p>LENA POV

As I walked back into my office and calmed my angry and very protective wife down who headed off to work I walked in to see Callie sitting in the same spot as we had left her with her head down looking at the floor. It was a difficult situation as Callie had a history of abuse, she was a new student with not one friend, no one knew her and I just wasn't sure of the boyfriend story myself. In most cases that I have seen especially when it's a parent or foster parent beating a child it can take weeks, months or never for them to admit that they are the ones beating them. What usually comes first are the outrageous stories of how they fell over and over on strange objects in the house and the parents would claim how clumsy the kids were. That I had heard more than I could remember or count. They usually also sympathized with their abuser and would feel a sense of guilt for telling on them. Or feel as if it was their fault that they were to blame for the abuse, that they had deserved it or done something wrong. I could definitely see that in Callie without her even saying much to me. That's what Stef had seen as well.

Walking slowly next to the young and frightened teen I chose to sit a little farther away from her as I knew if I sat too close it would startle her. Looking closer at her face I saw once again how banged up and bruised it was and the maternal part of me just wanted to kiss her pain away as her bruise was turning purple and red and her makeup she had applied to it had worn off as it almost looked swollen. I was wondering how the poor girl was even chewing. As we sat in silence for another few moments as I thought of how to approach her in a non-threatening way she still had not looked at me but I could feel her eyes wanting to as she shook her legs up and down and wrapped her arms around her stomach almost protecting herself.

"_Callie," I began slowly. "Are you sure there isn't anything you want to tell me before I call your foster mother?" I said as I noticed her legs stop shaking up and down but I saw her tighten her hold on herself._

"_No." she whispered as I had to strain my ears to hear her._

"_Are you sure honey?...Did.. Did she do this to you?" I swallowed hard as her eyes remained focused on the ground even longer than before as I could feel her contemplating an answer as her legs once again started to shake and tremble. Oh my heart, my heart was telling me she was screaming so badly for help as Stef had said. She was screaming with her mouth closed and with her eyes which is why she was so scared to look into mine._

"_Callie, it's ok to tell me. Is she the one hurting you?" I questioned again leaning a little closer to her as I instantly noticed her body language stiffen up once again just as Stef and I had seen earlier at the mention of Justina. It could have been one of two things considering Callie was abused in the majority of her homes which made this particularly difficult._

"_No. Ms. Adams. No. I told you it was my boyfriend. It was. Please...I'm just...I'm just tired." She looked to me very quickly but immediately looked down to the floor again._

I sighed heavily as my gut had a different feeling than the answer she gave me. Sure she could very well have a boyfriend but I highly doubted it at this present moment.

_ "Ok well, then tell me about this boyfriend. You said he goes to Jefferson honey?" _

_ Again she only knodded and still avoided my eyes once again as a few more moments went by. _

_ "Sweetheart, my partner was right, you can press charges to prevent ... _

_ "No!" she screamed as a look of surprise filled my face and I could tell she regretted her outburst instantly judging by the look of panic on her face. _

_ "I'm...I'm..sorry Ms. Adams I didn't mean too yell.. I didn't.." Callie placed her head between her knees as the panic seemed to increase in her body. _

_ "Honey, it's ok." As much as I wanted to comfort her and hug her I knew I wouldn't be able to in a physical way so my words had to be even more gently and soothing then ever. _

_ "Callie, I know it's an upsetting situation. I completely understand and I want you to know that I am here for you and that you aren't alone in this. Please know that you can always, always come to me anytime. Ok?" I leaned my head down a little trying to catch here eyes as she lifted her head out of her arms a little but once again she failed to look at me. _

_ "I'm fine Ms. Adams. I am. You have to believe me." She begged. _

_ I nodded my head in response and took a deep breathe. I knew this was going to get ugly and even uglier as I had to follow my gut and suspicions which were the same as Stef's that Justina Marks the same women that had sat in here yesterday gloating about her foster daughter, and telling me how much she cared about the young girl and saved her from an abusive home, was the same woman who was going home at night and possibly beating the young girl senseless. This was never easy and this case would be no different. _

* * *

><p>CALLIE POV

_ "Justina I didn't tell...I swear." I begged as we walked out the front entrance of the school after the meeting with Ms. Adams. I had hoped I concealed the truth, that was all I could hope as Justina and I had sat there in her office and she had held my hand a little to tight. _

_ "Oh I'm sure you didn't. It's fine honey. We will get you checked out indeed." she said as her voice was unusually calm and that scared me more then anything as affectionate words continued to spill out of her mouth that I knew she didn't mean. What it meant was that she was angry. It meant she was really really angry and I didn't know how to read her, I didn't and it was giving me chills more than anything. _

_ "We...we are? You aren't angry?" I questioned trying to catch up to her as my body still radiated in pain. It was then she stopped to

look dead at me and her face turned to anger._

"_Callie, of course I'm not angry. I'm not angry at all at the fact that I had to leave my work, and drive all the way here to amuse your stupid Vice Principal and pretend that I actually give a shit about you, and to try to convince her that I would never lay a hand on you. Of course I am not mad. Why should I be? After all I'm being accused of child abuse. So how should I feel Callie? I'm the one being accused and they are going to send social workers to check up on you and me when I run that damm company. Do you know how bad that is going to make me look?"_

"_Butâ€¦I told them it was Oliver...I." she walked closer to me and I dared not to moved back._

"_You just better hope they believe you. You better hope. And when that social worker comes you better look happier then you ever have because if she thinks I'm abusing you so help you god I will break you and bury you alive and no one would miss you. No on at all!" she looked at me hard and cold as my eyes grew wider as she then walked away in a fury._

I could only respond by swallowing the giant lump in my throat as she smiled that fake smile at me and my legs felt like cement. Like pure cement as I thought of how I should have shut my mouth and how I should have been more believable about the fake boyfriend. I had tried I had tried so hard but I found it so hard to lie to Stef and Ms. Adams. The way they looked at me made it hard, the way they spoke to me made it hard. I wanted to tell them. I wanted to tell Stef.

"_Callie let's go!" I heard Justina yell as I came out of my thoughts again and I slowly climbed into the BMW._

"_Hurry up!" She yelled as I tried my hardest to climb in faster but the pain my body was still in was killing me._

"_Aww what's the matter poor girl. In pain? Serves you right." She shook her head and slowly turned on the car pulling out of the school lot._

_I was afraid and I was feeling more afraid that we had left the school for I didn't know what she was going to do to me. I didn't know if I would wake up in the morning, I didn't know if I would see another day, I didn't know how bad she would hurt me or how she would hurt me. I was more scared then I ever have been in life. More then anything I wished I had wings and could fly away, I wish I was in the water and could swim away, I wished for anyone for someone to truly save me. For them to love me and for them to mean it. Not for them to betray me, not for them to hurt me, not for them to...to laugh at me. I was looking for someone, just anyone who would care. As I looked out the window of the car wondering if it was the last time I'd see the sun, and the palm trees I felt my eyes begin to water and more pain shoot through my body. I was wondering if it was even worth it to take any pills, if it would stop death if that was what Justina was planning on doing to me, but I knew it wouldn't stop it one bit. Nothing would. Deciding to take one just in case she let me live I opened my bag up slowly but saw a note tucked inside that looked unfamiliar to me. I knew it wasn't there in the morning when I packed my back so curiously I tried to open it inside the bag as to conceal

it from Justina. But what I saw surprised me more than anything as I had not expected it. Written on the note was the name, Stefanie Foster, and under it was a home and cell number along with Lena's cell and house number. Under it Stef had written, "Cal, please call me anytime. If you need help I will come right away. Memorize these numbers love and know that we care." Moving my head to see if Justina had noticed and realizing she was talking loudly on her cell I quickly shoved it in my history book and made a mental note to take it out later to memorize the numbers. I didn't know why Stef had done that or why she had cared so much but I was so terrified to trust it._

7. Complications

****Hi all! Once again thank you thank you for your reviews! I have written much more but haven't edited the chapters yet but I wanted to give you all a chapter today. Now before things can get better for Callie they will get a little worse, and you know how the Mama's are. :) Just keep believing in them as it will take time for Callie. Lena has a very challenging person to deal with in this chapter.****

****Also this story was only supposed to be like a few chapters, maybe 3 at most. But I think it will end up being much much!****

****Enjoy loves! Stef1981****

_It had been no more than two days since the afternoon both Lena and Stef discovered that 15 year old Callie Jacobs was being abused, but by who exactly remained a mystery for no one could be 100 percent sure even if all red flags according to both women pointed to the teens foster mother. After the long talk two days prior in the curly haired brunettes office with Justina Marks, and Principle Monte Porter along with young Callie Jacobs the event continued to replay over and over in the curly haired woman's head as she recalled how Ms. Marks had sneakily tried to convince her and Monte that she had absolutely no idea of Callie's violent relationship with her boyfriend until bruises began to appear on the young girls face and her behavior had started to changed drastically. The woman also made it perfectly clear that she had every intention of pressing charges against the teens abusive boyfriend Oliver Lee and would take all the necessary steps and precautions to make sure her daughter remained safe and that the young boy would clearly stay away from her daughter. _

_ As the meeting continued and questions were soon directed to Callie where she was unfortunately asked to address the abuse that she had encountered with Oliver, Lena couldn't help but notice how once again the girls body language had continued to speak volumes as the teen remained still, and almost frozen and statue like as her foster mother held her hand as she could see somewhat rather tightly. The brunette found it truly difficult to hear and even more difficult to see the teen having to recall the relationship and how it all began but she found it even more disturbing that the story just didn't seem right to her. The more Callie spoke and elaborated the more the story sounded,..well it sounded rehearsed, it sounded unrealistic and it sounded well..it sounded like a lie. Even as Lena sat there and witnessed the tears streaming down the teens face, and as she saw the heartache and the pain that Callie was so clearly filled with she just had a strong feeling and inclination that those tears she was

shedding had not one thing to do with that story. It in fact had to do with the truth and she so badly wanted to know what it was as she wasn't even so sure if Callie knew what it was anymore._

_The teen herself had tried to block everything out and was primarily focused on answering each question correctly for she knew that her foster mother was listening to every single word and syllable that came out of her mouth. Deep inside Callie couldn't help but feel horrible for lying especially to Ms Adams, and to Stef earlier for even though she had no trust whatsoever in any adult for they had all failed her in one form or another she for some reason liked the both of them and those feelings were hard for her to understand. It was something, well it was something about them, something different about them for she honestly felt that their smiles, and the gentle words they spoke to her were truly and possibly sincere and she could only hope they were but she just didn't know and she didn't know if it was something she could trust ever in her life. The one thing she did know at this time, and the only thing she knew she had to do without a choice was to stick to the story that her and Justina had rehearsed over and over again. This story and her telling it as convincingly as she could was what her life depended on. That much she knew and that was what Lena Adams was so clearly picking up on as the slim woman watched Justina falsely comfort Callie. However as life would have it Monte Porter was not so sure as __she soon ushered the woman to take her very troubled and shook up daughter home to comfort._

"Um...can we speak outside?" Lena whispered as Monte began to thank Justina for taking the time to meet with them over Callie's unfortunate situation. Monte looked surprisingly to the curly haired woman in a very confused manner as she followed her into the hall excusing herself from Ms. Marks and Callie.

"Yes?" Monte closed the door behind her as she spoke with an irritated tone and crossed her arms against her chest. It was no secret to Lena that since their breakup a year ago things were still unfortunately tense between the two. The curly hair woman had broken it off with her when she met and fell in love with Stef and of course she still felt horrible for the way things had ended between the two for she knew she had hurt Monte, but she also knew that she could not take the full blame for their problems. Monte had done her own fair share of damage.

_"I don't think we should let her take Callie home. Something is...something is very wrong and I can feel it..I.." Lena spoke in a concerned manner __as she noticed the look of annoyance on her ex girlfriends face._

"Why? What's the issue. You heard them. It was her boyfriend Lena."

"I beg to differ. I don't believe it was. Stef and I spoke to Callie earlier and .." Lena began but after hearing the blonde's name Monte cut her off as her eyes widened.

"Stef as in your partner Stef? she asked bitterly which Lena clearly picked up on and let out a soft sigh.

"You had her questioning a student without my person?" Monte's eyebrows furrowed and her face grew angry.

"Monte...it wasn't like that. Callie ran into her in the hall and Stef saw the bruises. She was just worried. We are both worried."

_"Lena, you know as well as I do that's not how we do things. You should know this and you should always clear things like that with me. And, as I recall Stef is not a member of the staff unless you decided to make her one behind my back." _

The brunette was growing frustrated as she knew Monte was giving her a hard time over anything but the real issue.

"Monte she was only trying to help and I am just asking you to listen and to please put our issues aside. This has nothing to do with you and me. This has to do with a very scared little girl who needs our help and..." She begged as the long haired brunette laughed sarcastically.

_"Really Lena? You have that big of an ego to think it has to do with us? I know it doesn't have to do with us and I'm not making it about us. This has to do with you doing your job. That's what this has to do with." Monte voiced sternly as Lena grew defensive of her accusations. _

"I have always done my job right from the very beginning. Always and I'm trying to tell you Callie is not being abused by some made up pretend boyfriend. Her foster mother is the one beating her and I am telling you the more and more I hear her tell that story the more I believe it and I'm trying to get you to see that." she barked back defensively.

_"Oh Lena come on. You don't honestly believe that do you? __That woman has shown nothing but love and concern for her. You saw her comforting her, and being nothing but supportive. Or was that just something I was only seeing?"_

"Monte listen..that's what you see on the surface but that's not what is happening internally. I have seen this before. I have seen it many times in my years of working education."

_"Ok here we go again. Yes you and your wonderful PHd. How could I forget." _

"I can't believe you...you just..." Lena was beyond frustrated. More frustrated then ever.

_"I'm sending them home." Monte enforced as she turned around ignoring her coworkers concerns. However, Lena was not one to give up especially when it came to the safety and well being of a child.

_

"I'm contacting Child Protective Services which we are legally binded to do if we suspect any kind of abuse in case you forgot how to do your job right." Lena barked fearlessly.

"Your being utterly ridiculous Lena. That woman is in no way beating that child."

"And you can be so sure?"

"As usual you overreact." she shook her head.

"Look that girl in there is hurting, she hurting more then we know as she is covered head to toe in bruises and whether you believe me or not is irrelevant. I am calling CPS and I want that woman investigated. No buts about it." Lena was stern more stern then she wanted to be but Monte had left her no choice at all for she felt she was on her own team by this time.

"Be my guest Lena. But if that woman comes back at us and tries to sue us for false allegations your own your own. I want no part of it." Lena sighed heavily to herself as Monte proceeded back into her office.

* * *

><p>Within the hour of Lena Adams concerned call to CPS a phone call was made to Justina Marks from that same department by a close and equally corrupt friend alerting her of the reported suspicions by the school. The friend and also the head of the department agreed to do the visit herself as to wash away any allegations of abuse and chose to not even summon a police officer to assist her which was procedure when visiting a home were abuse maybe taking place. As the case worker and friend entered the inviting home of Justina Marks she unfortunately and unethically documented no signs of abuse at the hands of her friend and was satisfied that nothing seemed out of the ordinary to her and that Callie was fully and well taken care of. To top it off she not only neglected to ask Callie one single question about her situation but she fully supported the story of Callie's abusive boyfriend and had the audacity to reprimand the young teen for causing trouble and for giving her foster mother a hard time. Callie just took it in as the small glimmer of hope that someone, anyone would see she was lying faded. As she stood there unable to process what was happening around her and as she heard her foster mother dictate what to write on the report thoughts filled her head again as her mind went back to Stef and Ms. Adams as she suddenly remembered the phone number in her book. To her at this moment maybe just maybe they were that light at the end of the tunnel. Or maybe they were just another dead end that would cause her even more pain then she was in now.

_As the night went on and the unscrupulous case worker left the home Callie found herself once again alone with Justina and having quickly recovered the phone number from her book and memorizing it as Stef suggested she found herself repeating it over and over and over as she leaned over the sink to do her nightly chore of washing the dishes. 619-598-8787. 619-598-8787.619-598-8787. 619-598-8787. Over and over it played in her head as she heard the heels of her foster mother slowly walking up behind her and within minutes she was standing less than an inch from her face. Callie hated that noise. She hated the sound of heels on the floor she thought as her stomach was once again turning around and around in circles as she could feel the woman's warm breath on her ear. The teen shook. __619-598-8787. 619-598-8787.619-598-8787. 619-598-8787._

_"I told you. Didn't I. You honestly thought someone would help you didn't you?." Justina teased as she whispered in the teens ear softly. Callie shook again and could feel her knees become weak.__619-598-8787. 619-598-8787.619-598-8787.

619-598-8787._

"_Callie, when will you learn that you can't escape me. I know everyone. I honestly do, and I have everyone right where I want them and they do as I say. Remember I own that organization and nothing gets passed me. Those people work under me and what I say goes. So accept it now and realize that no one will believe you. No one. You little girl, you are mine and always will be." She pulled away from the teens ear as Callie stood yet again frozen and fully prepared for her to strike her at any moment. She knew it was coming as she closed and squeezed her eyes shut. She squeezed them ever tighter as Justina's hand flew up in the air but she did not strike Callie. It was just a tease._

The girl felt the tears fall down her face as she knew what she said was true. That she was right and that no one was going to believe her. No one and there was nothing she could do. 619-598-8787. 619-598-8787. She once again repeated over and over and over as she waited and waited for the slap or punch to her face as she saw Justina's hand once again fly into the air but neglect to hit her once again.

"_Oh you're waiting huh? Waiting for me to hit you? Well guess what Callie. I won't hit you tonight. Or maybe I will. Or maybe I will hit you tomorrow or maybe I won't. You will just never know. Will you." She laughed and slowly walked away as the teen heard her flip on the TV and relax on the couch._

"_Callie bring your dear mother a glass of wine. It's been such a long and stressful day for me." She demanded softly as the teen felt the future impending doom. She would never escape Justina. 619-598-8787. 619-598-8787 that number was all she had to hold onto as she poured the wine and kept her head down._

_But as confident as Justina may have been she had no idea that one person most certainly was not on her side, and was most __certainly__ fully committed to digging into her past, and who most certainly did not buy her story. And that person was Stefanie Foster one no one should mess with._

8. The San Diego Fair

STEF POV

_I was furious more furious then I could ever imagine myself to be as Lena and I learned that Callie was still placed with Justina Marks. The day Lena had called me alerting me that she was contacting CPS I had every single intention of going over there myself to accompany the case worker. That, unfortunately, did not go as planned as I got called into a domestic disturbance that turned into a four hour hostage situation. Still determined to see to Callie's safety after the long night had diffused and arrests were made I had driven over to the home of Justina Marks and most certainly had banged and knocked on the door to find no one home. I sat outside for more then 2 hours waiting for her to come home, as I was completely distraught beyond words and rattled with guilt for I felt even though I did not know Callie, in fact I had talked to her for a total of only about twenty minutes if that, I still felt obligated to help her and to get her out of that violent situation. I wanted nothing more but to save

this precious girl who didn't deserve all that was happening to her and I knew Lena did as well._

As we both walked along the beach and entered the San Diego Fair where we had had our first date a year ago, we both wanted to get out and enjoy the day but it was proving to be challenging as we both had Callie weighing heavily on our minds.

"I don't understand it. How could they not find anything?" I said as I held Lena's hand tightly looking into the warm sun.

"I don't know honey. I honestly don't. I mean when I called CPS this morning they just told me everything checked out and they believed there was no signs of abuse by her foster mother. They truly and honestly believe it was Oliver. I mean even you yourself saw he was arrested for assaulting her."

I nodded my head in defeat as I sighed to myself as it was true I had run Oliver Lee's name through the system and he had an arrest record a mile long. Since the age of 10 he had been in and out of juvie, foster homes and had committed a string of robberies, burglaries and car thefts. He most certainly seemed like the guy who could fit the bill but judging by Callie's personality he didn't seem like the kind of guy she would date. But Lena and I both knew that victims of abuse usually dated abusers themselves but to us it still didn't make sense and I was growing even more concerned.

"And how much do we know about this foster mother. She must be paying someone off to keep their mouths shut." I said as I had every intention of investigating this woman myself.

"I thought about that love and as you know it's not uncommon. The foster care system can be very corrupt and a lot of kids just go unnoticed."

"Nothing about this feels right. Not one thing." I stopped as I could feel the stress flow throughout my body as I rubbed my forehead.

"I know honey," Lena looked into my eyes once again and placed her hands inside mine.

"Baby I was sure myself that it was Justina and I still believe it's her. Even when I questioned her that same day we found out, I mean something about it rubbed me the wrong way as I told you. She appeared to be, I don't know very passionate but not, and very established but not and talked very openly about the work she does and how much she cares for these kids and for Callie butâ€¦" my partner trailed off.

"But she doesn't. That's the issue." I said shaking my head once again.

"We can still fight for her Stef. We can...and." As I listened to Lena my eyes caught something in the distance by one of the benches. As they fixated longer I realized from where I was standing that the young girl looked very much like Callie. She had the same jacket on even as the sun radiated a hot 80 degrees. I was pretty sure it was her unless my heart and mind were playing tricks on me.

"Stef did you hear me?" I heard Lena say as I was pretty sure the girl was Callie for sure now as she had turned her head to look back at the fair.

"Lena is that?" I asked as I pointed in the direction of the young troubled girl as Lena now turned her head too look in the direction I was pointing.

"Callie. Yeah it is." She looked at me and both of our faces were relieved but concerned. What were the odds.

"I don't want to scare her off love." I said.

"I know me either. But..she knows we care. Let's just go say hi to her.". Lena suggested as my eyes remained on the girl.

"Yeah. Lets." I smiled as my love grabbed my hand and we walked over to the young teen who had stolen our hearts.

* * *

><p>CALLIE POV

Today I had successfully gotten away from Justina for I had found the courage to tell her I had a big paper due and had to go to the library with my tutor. By the grace of god she had believed me and was hosting a party that she demanded I be home by five in order to show her foster daughter off. I didn't care I was just happy to escape her for a few hours which gave me time to breathe as for the past few days I had been holding my breath in for she was now playing another game with me where she wasn't beating me everyday but would only suggest at it, or hint at it and keeping me in suspense.

For the past two days I was feeling horribly guilty. More then guilty as their was a real kid out there who was no older then me named Oliver Lee who went to Jefferson. But I found out he had been another one of Justina's foster kids at one time who she had thrown in a group home and threatened that if he did not admit to beating me that she would throw him on the streets and watch him get killed. No one really knew how brutal and cruel she truly was and because of my lie, because of me being so afraid he was in Juvie once again and would have another charge of assault against him. I felt terrible and horrible and I had not slept a wink for I knew I had done the wrong thing in order to save myself. I was selfish. I was more then selfish I thought to myself as I looked out into the ocean, and looked down at the sandy, yellow beach and tried to ignore and tune out the sound of the San Diego fair that was going on around me. It was something I honestly didn't want to pay attention to as the families and their children walked around looking happy. That was a happiness I didn't deserve because I had lied, because I wasn't a good person and because I didn't matter. I would never know it and I would never experience it. It was my punishment and there was just no getting around it for..

_"Callie!" I heard someone call my name as my thoughts were interrupted but I looked around and saw no one. I didn't know anyone here, no one at all but then the thought had crossed my mind. What if it was Justina? What if she had found me? Where...where was I going to hide? I could maybe escape into the crowd but what would happen once I got home. What then I thought as a million scenarios filled my

panicked head and I felt my breathing increase as my chest began to feel tight. My legs once again started to wobble a little as I hesitantly looked slowly around again completely filled with fear andâ€¦|_

"Cal!" I heard again. But Cal? She never called me â€¦|.and I turned my body completely around to see both Stef and Ms. Adams walking over to me and waving happily. Now I was even more freaked, relieved that it was not Justina, but at the same time freaked out for I had lied to them. I had lied to them over and over and I wasn't a good person and they probably didn't,,they probably didn't like me or anything and I wanted to run but my feet were stuck. My feet were glued to the boardwalk as I stood in long jeans and a long shirt and jacket as the 80 degree sun shinned on me. At this moment I had no voice as the two woman approached me.

"Well what a wonderful surprise. It's nice to see you here my love." I heard Stef say as I embarrassingly looked up into her warm and sensitive eyes letting out a small smile.

"Hi." I whispered as I began to feel just as awkward as I did in the office only two days ago.

"Nice to see you Callie," Ms. Adams spoke warmly as well as I let out a soft smile to her.

"Is it your first time here?" Ms. Adams said . I wasn't expecting her to ask me that and to be honest I was expecting them to scream at me. To yell at me and to question me about...everything.. again. I remained silent and unsure of what to do or how to answer her for it seemed like a simple question but my mind couldn't think of anything.

"Are you here with friends honey?" Stef asked as my eyes slowly and hesitantly moved to look at her as I realized she didn't have her uniform on. Her hair hung long past her shoulders as she wore jeans and a short sleeve plaid shirt. She certainly looked less intimidating as a smile continued to grace her face. Ms. Adams was out of her dressy work clothes and wore shorts and a tank top with sunglasses and sandals and her curly hair was up in a bun. She too smiled wide at me. For what reason I just didn't and couldn't comprehend.

"Love, we didn' t mean to startle you. We saw you from the other end of the fair." Ms Adams spoke once again as I still had not responded.

"Oh." I managed to muster out as the two woman continued to stare at me just as they had done a few day sago when I first met them with warm and I guess loving expressions.

"My love are you here with anyone?" Stef questioned again as I realized I had not responded to her earlier. I shook my head.

"No. I...I just came ..I came alone." I stuttered.

"Well, you're welcome to walk around with us, I know were not as fun as teenagers but we have our moments." She laughed as I stared back to the ground.

"I..I don't want to bother you or.." I began.

"Nonsense. Come hang with us it's fine. Your new to San Diego right?" Ms. Adams questioned as I nodded my head in response once again.

"Then all the more better for two natives to show you around. And we promise we won't embarrass you." Stef joked.

I wasn't sure what to do I wasn't sure at all for if I said no they might, they might suspect that more was wrong. If I said yes I would have to fake it. I would have to fake it until 5pm and it was only 1. To be honest I really didn't want to be with anyone especially with any adults whatsoever as I had just escaped Justina for a few hours. But I felt..I felt I had no choice and..I just didn't know what to do as I looked around hesitantly and unsure of how to respond to these two women that I didn't understand.

"Cal come baby. Lets get a taco. Our treat." I turned my head to look at Stef once again as the smile remained on her face. Why would she want to treat me. Or would I need to pay it back? That offer didn't..I didn't get it. I would have to find the money to pay them.

"I..I don't have any money." I admitted.

"Who said anything about money Callie. It's our treat." Ms. Adams said as my eyes remained on my feet.

"Come baby it's ok. We wont bite. I promise." Stef encouraged as I saw her stick out her hand for me to grab. But I just looked at it. I looked at it for what felt like years. I wanted to..I wanted to take it..for whatever reason, I wanted to but I was so scared. I was so scared and I..but I felt her slowly take my hand more softly and more gently then anyone had ever taken it or held it in my life. For whatever reason I didn't flinch as I normally would always do when someone came to close to me. It didn't happen as her hand was soft and...and different. I wanted to hold it back but I couldn't move my fingers. I couldn't move them at all and they felt numb. It was then I felt her rub my fingers as if she knew how I was feeling. But how could she if I never said anything. How could she if she didn't even know me. Neither of them knew me. My eyes slowly moved from the floor to her eyes as she winked at me and let out another soft and encouraging smile.

"You 're safe here with us my love." she whispered putting her arm around me and walking us straight to the taco booth. I knew then and there this day would be unlike any day I have ever experienced.

* * *

><p>The day had flown by faster then anyone could imagine as I had spent the entire time with Stef and Lena. The thing was I was having such a good time and that thought alone was scary for I was feeling..I was feeling comfortable. A feeling I knew nothing about. I had laughed more times then I ever have in my life at Stef's corny jokes and when Ms. Adams, who had insisted I call her Lena, reprimanded Stef for using bad language at times. They had treated me to more tacos then I could count even as I hesitated they had insisted to pay for me each and every time as we filled up on cotton

candy, and enchiladas. Stef was determined to try each and every food booth confidently declaring that she could out eat both me and Lena. The cop was almost like a big kid, and a playful adult as I had only seen her as a serious and intimidating police officer. That seemed to only be part of her personality. She was much more than that. Stef I learned that day was extremely generous, affectionate, funny, and very kind. Lena was smart, sophisticated and nurturing. But to be honest they both were all of those things and that afternoon they had treated me like no one ever had in my entire life. They had...cared. I was relieved however that they had not brought up the abuse, or Oliver Lee as they just seemed to let me enjoy myself. Which I didn't know how to really do.

"See we aren't so bad huh?" Stef asked as her hand still remained softly in mine. I was so use to holding it at this point that I wasn't even thinking about it anymore. It felt oddly familiar to me as I looked up to her and let out a small smile.

"No...not that bad." I laughed.

"What do you think of San Diego Callie?" Lena asked as we walked parallel to the beach that I had yet to go on.

"Its nice. I'm from Michigan were its really cold."

"I didn't know you were from the Midwest. Gosh the weather must be like heaven for you sweets." the cop said as I looked up to her and she let out a soft smile.

"Its' nice. I like it." My eyes looked once again to the beach as I heard the two women talk amoung themselves as I had stopped to look at the waves and the glowing orange and yellow sun. I had not even realized how long I had been standing there until I felt both women stand on each side of me. There presence was..protective.

"Love do you wanna walk out on to the beach?" Stef said softly as my eyes remained fixated on the beach.

"It's a great time the sun is going to set soon." Lena pointed to the sun that I couldn't take my eyes off.

"Come baby. Let's check this out." I shyly agreed as Stef held out her hand once again and just as before I was too scared to take it. But she stepped closer to me once again not to scare me and not to intimidate me and slide her hand into mine.

"It's ok my love. Come let's check it out." she encouraged as the three of us took our shoes off and we walked slowly onto the hot sand. The feeling was weird and dry but it was warm and soft. I had been waiting for this moment my whole life as I slowly took in everything. Everything at this moment disappeared. Every fear, every worry and the pain my body was still in had faded. I was still holding onto Stef's hand and that was literally all I could feel. She...she felt like someone I had know my whole life and I didn't know why for I only knew her for no more than 7 hours.

"Have you ever been on a beach Callie?" Lena asked.

"No," I whispered.

"I figured. That day I bumped into you you were pretty much memorized by it." I looked up to Stef who smiled once again. How did she know I was memorized that morning by the beach. She knew a lot as my eyes moved back to the water and the sunset.

This was magical. More magical then...then I could imagine it being as I unconsciously found myself holding onto Stef's hand even harder then I ever had to anyone's as I felt her squeeze it back. But just as quickly as it left the fear returned and the trust faded...I...I was so scared to trust them. Yes they had given me one of the best days of my life, they really had but I was so scared to trust the both of them for they could honestly turn any minute. And then what if they did. What if they were faking. What if they didn't mean it. That filled my head. That filled my head so much and I ...I felt tears swell up in my face and I let go of Stef's hand abruptly and felt her look at me.

"Cal?" She questioned as I moved away from the both of them.

"Both of you. You...you are faking!" I yelled as they stood shocked looking at me.

"Calâ€|" Stef began.

"No! I don't... I don't believe you. You're faking andâ€|.and just leave me alone." I backed up even more as they began to walk slowly closer to me

"Callie noâ€|.no honey we aren't faking. " Lena said as they both looked more concerned then ever.

"You think I trust you!" I yelled. "I..don't. I don't trust you at all. Especially you!" I pointed to Stef as her face took on a look of hurt.

"Callie my love.."she began again as she moved even closer to me.

"Don't call me that! Don't call me those names...you don't mean it. I know you don't. Just leave me alone!" I ducked my head into my arms as I felt Stef grab me but I pulled away so hard that she fell back into the sand. I felt so bad. I felt terrible as I ran and I heard them both scream my name wanting for me to come back. I could run faster then the other day as I had learned to live with the pain and before I knew it I had blended into the crowd losing them. I wouldn't fall for it again. I wouldn't and as I looked at my phone which I had forgotten to look at all day for I had gotten so caught up in the amazing and scary time that I had, I saw that I had 35 missed calls from Justina as I had forgotten about the 5pm curfew. Suddenly my body went numb and I knew how my day would end.

9. Stefanie Marie Foster

****Thanks again all for the reviews! They are amazing and inspiring.****

****I hope you enjoy this chapter as I have more coming tomorrow. And don't worry someone will call someone very soon! *HINT HINT. :)**

**

Also I want to thank you for sharing what you guys wish and want to see. It really helps with the writing. Keep in coming! :)

LENA POV

_As I felt Stef's warm body lay close to mine on the brown leather couch as we tried and attempted to watch Sleepless in Seattle I knew she was pretending to not be bothered or troubled by the way the day had ended with Callie. Her sudden outburst and pulling away from Stef so abruptly as she had taken off half frightened to death, left the both of us feeling crushed. But it wasn't very hard for us to guess what had scared her off, for we knew that even if we had shown her that we cared, and that we were on her side, that it had just honestly been too overwhelming for her as she most likely had never experienced what we tried to show her. Simply that we care. People caring for her was a foreign feeling to Callie, but it still left us feeling as if we had failed the young girl just as the system had for the last thing we wanted to do was to scare her off. _

My mind continued to replay the day over as I couldn't help but notice how Callie had appeared to be so incredibly comfortable. Of course it had taken her a bit of time but there had been such a strong contrast in her behavior from what we had witnessed in my office two days ago. The Callie we had seen then was panicked, terrified, and wanted to disappear inside herself as her entire body trembled and shook. The Callie we had seen today radiated _with glimpses of happiness as she had let my partner surprisingly hold her hand the entire day as the two swung them back and forth like kids. This was something neither of us had anticipated. How much Callie had been drawn to Stef. _

_As a smile fell across my face I had not only observed Callie's change in behavior but I had seen a part of my girlfriend that I she had never shown. From this point on and from what I had seen during the past year that we had been dating, Stef was a hard edge cop that took her job and our relationship very seriously. She was fearless and handled difficult situations with extreme determination, persistence and strength to the point where she from time to time even intimidated me. The levels she would go to protect me at times was far beyond anything I had experience for there were a few times she had almost gotten into physical altercations especially when someone had called me the N word. Stef at times was a very hard shell to crack and extremely difficult to get to know for I had almost broken it off with her in the beginning as she was so closed off that it made the relationship extremely difficult. Fortunately she had begun to open up with me revealing the more mellow, humorous, and extremely nurturing and affectionate side of her that I enjoyed more than anything. But the truth was I had neglected to share my interest in having children or potentially having children with her because I knew of her miscarriages but also I just wasn't sure how comfortable she was around them for she had made a few comments from time to time that lead me to think she wasn't. __I knew she dealt with them on her job from time to time but to me kids seemed non-existent to her as she often questioned how I dealt with so many of them on a daily basis. I thought that question was particularly amusing as she clearly saw them more of a threat than the violent criminals she dealt with on a daily basis._

_But today, today I had seen the extremely maternal side that she clearly had pushed away and shoved under a mat. Seeing her with Callie and witnessing the sweet moments between the two, as they shared jokes and as Callie had continuously looked into Stefs eyes letting out a tiny smile and as my partner pulled her in closer for a hug, or as I watched the two share tacos and cotton candy, made me wonder and question why she so heavily neglected and doubted herself in that area for there was no reason too. Stef truly had no clue of the impact she had made on this young girl for in less than 2 hours she had been able to open the shell of a very heartbroken and troubled girl which by far was not an easy task as it was something neither I or the school social worker and psychologist had been able to do. That right there spoke volumes to me. But I knew how she was, at least I thought I did, and I knew this girl was affecting her heart in ways that no one ever had and seeing that had been one of the most rewarding things I had seen in long time. However, what was not so rewarding was that Callie's situation no matter how much we had intervened had still remained unchanged for one reason or another and we both felt like we had very much failed the teen just as the system was and had. It was no secret to either of us how corrupt the foster care system could be not at all and the one thing both of us knew was Justina Marks was no different. __Saving Callie, yes she had claimed to do, but that was hardly the case as we just couldn't understand how any social worker or any caseworker could not see or not even document the abuse. But both of us were determined to get to the bottom of it if it was the last thing we would do.__

"_Stef?" I said as I rubbed the side of her head while the movie neither of us were watching continued to play in the background. It was not typical for me to hold her like this for she had a hard time letting me comfort her but tonight she had let herself lay in my arms for I knew she was hurting.__

"_Yeah babe?" she answered back softly.__

"_Are you ok love?" I gently kissed the top of her head as I felt her soft blonde hair on my lips.__

"_I'm fine babe." I could tell by her tone that she was clearly not fine. _

"_Stef, she was overwhelmed honey." I stroked her long blonde hair as I felt her suddenly hold me tighter.__

"_I know. I guess it was too much for her."__

"_It might have been baby. But you...you showed her something no one ever has."__

"_Mmm I don't know about that honey."__

"_Stef...I saw the two of you. She likes you very much." I said as she remained silent.__

"_Honey?" I asked after she had not spoken in a few moments.__

"_Yeah?"__

"_What are you thinking?" _

Slowly she pulled away from me and sat up next to me on the couch. I slide my hand into here's as I waited for her to talk. But she did not.

"_Honey?" I looked into her face as her eyes had failed to meet mine._

"_Baby?" I said again as she still had not spoken but now she glanced into my eyes and I could see hers were filling with tears.

—

"_Lena...there's something you don't know about me." she began as I looked to her surprised and I saw her begin to panic. This was something I rarely if ever saw from her and I was beginning to worry because b_y this time I thought I knew all their was to know about Stefanie Foster as she knew each and everything about me. But I had to remember she just wasn't as open and I could not take any offense. Stef could be like a locked safe sometimes especially when it came to things that were too painful or hard to deal with._

"_What is it honey? You can tell me." I stroked her hand as she once again looked down at them as I couldn't help but notice how strikingly similar her behavior was to Callie's right now._

"_I was.." she began but abruptly stopped as it was clear that whatever she needed to tell me was more painful then she liked to admit. _

"_Baby...what what is it honey. It's ok. It's alright my love. You can tell me." I wiped her tears._

"_Lenaâ€|.I was abused as a kid." And there it was. I...couldn't believe my ears as I looked into her hurt and scared eyes as my expression had changed to one of shock. But as I thought long and hard certain things were starting to make sense now as Stef had never mentioned her parents or if I questioned her about it or about her childhood she was give vague answers and quickly change the subject. Now it all made sense._

"_Stef honey...I..baby I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry honey." I leaned into hug her and hug her tight as she cried in my arms and I rubbed her back as I did not see this coming. Not in the least._

"_I'm..sorry ..I couldn't tell you before I just..I just couldn't and I shoved it under the rug." she said pulling away from me and wiping her tears._

"_No..I understand honey. I do. But...is this why you never talk about your parents?" I inquired._

"_It wasn't my mother, she never laid a hand on me. But she never stopped it either. It was my father. He was...he was an alcoholic nightmare." she said shaking her head as I continued to see the pain in her face and hear it resonate in her voice._

"_How..how long did it go on?"_

"_MM until I ran away at 17 and entered the academy. I just...I

couldn't take it anymore." I continued to rub her hand._

"_And your mother didn'tâ€¦|"_

"_Didn't stop it. No. She was too afraid. I mean she left him many times and took me along with her but she always ended up going back to him. Always. Andâ€¦|.when she started working nights it. It was bad. Some nights he just beat me mercilessly and I..." she stopped and I nodded my head as tears fell down my own face as well. I couldn't help but feel...but feel heartbroken and guilty as my childhood had been nothing like that. Sure my parents had there issues but no one had gotten abused, and no one was an alcoholic. They had been loving, accepting and encouraging and I couldn't imagine going through what Stef had. My heart...my heart broke for her._

"_Baby it's ok honey." Stef smiled softly as she gently wiped my tears._

"_I justâ€¦|.I try not to think about it and it happened so long ago but I think meeting Callie and...it just caused my past to resurface. I mean I've met a lot of kids on the job who have gone through much worse then what I did but this girl just reminds me of...she reminds me so much of myself that I couldn't push my past behind me any longer. When I look at her...I see that same pain I felt, that same panic and that same fear. It's just something you live with from day to day and can't escape and it's nothing anyone can take away." she said as I continued to listen._

"_Lena..that's why I'm worried about...well worried about having my own children and I can't help but feel like maybe I wouldn't be a good mother. Maybe I would repeat those habits, and maybe that's why I had those miscarriages. Maybe...I would turn into my father." she looked down at our hands as I knew it was now time for me to talk and clear up that terrible misconception she had of herself._

"_Stef, please listen to me baby." I now sat closer to her and grabbed both of her hands as I saw the pain continue to fill her entire face and body._

"_I know you baby, I know you more than you think and you are in no way that kind of person. Never ever and I cant even imagine you being that kind of person. Do you think you would be like Justina? Do you honestly think that honey?" my eyes looked deeply into hers as she tried to dodge my glare. But I placed my hand softly on her chin and moved her face gently to look into mine._

"_I..I would hope I would not be. I just would hope not and...I just .."_

"_You wouldn't hurt a fly baby. You wouldn't and there should be no doubt in your mind what so ever. Stef, I saw you with Callie today. I saw how, I saw how maternal you were with her. How you held her hand, how you hugged her, how you took care of her and believe me that little girl felt it, and you felt it too. It..it looked so natural for you and you looked happy. You looked like it was apart of you that has been screaming to get out. Callie knows you wouldn't hurt her, and I know deep down inside you know you wouldn't hurt her either and if I know anything I know that. Baby, you didn't have miscarriages because the gods think you would be an abusive parent,

you had them for, well for reasons we will never know honey. That's just the way life is sometimes. But you, you are an amazing woman Stefanie Marie Foster and you are one of the most amazing people I've ever met and that's why you were so easy to fall in love with." I glanced into the eyes of the woman I loved more then anything as it pained me to see the confidence she lacked in herself at times. I knew it was more painful then anything for her to admit what had happened to her as a kid I knew that but I also knew she was incredibility hard on herself. _

"_You would be an amazing mother." I said sternly as she let out a soft smile._

"_Are you upset with me?" she asked._

"_No..of course not baby. Stef I can't imagine how painful it was for you to tell me. I can't and I can't imagine what you must have gone through. But, I am in no way mad or angry or any of that sweetheart. I'm glad you feel you can tell me these things. I'm glad for that." I said reassuring her as I continued to wipe the tears from her face and now slowly leaning in to kiss her lips._

"_I love you baby. I love you so much." I said as I felt her kiss my lips softly back._

"_I love you too." We gently pulled away as my hands slowly rubbed the side of her face once again and we sat in silence for a few moments._

"_Lena, we have to get her out of that home. If Callie will have any chance we have to get her out, and we have to fight. We have to fight for her now." _

"_I'm prepared to do whatever we need to Stef."_

10. AN

I just wanted to take the time to thank all of you who are reading this story, and for all of your positive reviews. I realize I won't be able to please everyone (even if I wish I could) but I hope you will continue to enjoy what I write as it is truly coming from the heart and I always look forward to hearing from you. This story has proven to be difficult to write at times, as there are so many scenarios that could happen but you have continued to keep me inspired and thank you for giving me the confidence to continue. Thanks guys again!:)

-Stef1981

11. The Call Part 1

CALLIE POV

_As I walked slowly and fearfully up to the house I saw only Justina's care parked in the circular driveway as I had been hoping the entire walk home that maybe her guests would stick around which would delay the beating I would most certainly get for missing her call and for missing the 5pm curfew. In my mind I didn't know how I

could have forgotten and I don't know how I missed all her calls. I had had such a wonderful time with Stef and Lena that nothing else in the world seemed to matter. But now it would and I would feel the consequences._

Turning the key slowly into the knob I knew it was better to just get this over with then prolong it any longer by standing outside or attempting to sneak in without her noticing. What was the point I thought for she knew I wasn't here and I knew she was on the other side of the door seething with anger if not rage. As I held my breath and turned the key into the lock and fearfully turned the knob to open the door the house was rather empty and still. My legs at this point were trembling and almost felt numb as I saw a light on in the kitchen and heard the TV blaring in the living room. Justina was most certainly up. Holding my breathe I began to walk lightly over the wood floor counting each step as to steer my mind away from the anxiety I was feeling.1, 2,4,5,6. I counted. 7, 8,9...

_"__Well, well look who decided to show up." I heard a rather calm but sarcastic voice say from the living room as I closed my eyes and stood frozen in my tracks. By the sound of her voice and the way she was slurring her words I knew she had been drinking which would inevitably only make things worse. It was bad enough when she was sober but when she had had a few glasses of wine her punches felt almost super human. _

I turned around fear stricken to see her resting on the couch with a glass of wine and her feet up on the ottoman with her expensive Prada dress on and diamond necklace that shimmered in the light. I knew the game she had been playing with me the last two days were she would hint at beating me but never would was over. She was fuming as to me her eyes were glowing red and her hands were most likely going through withdrawals. I wasn't sure if I should speak, or if should remain silent for either one could do me no good for it was a losing battle for me anyway no matter which choice I made. In the end Justina had my life in her hands and she knew it.

_"__Justina..I'm sorryâ€¦" I said apologetically almost pleading as I stood in the giant hallway._

_"__Save it! Just save it Callie!" she snapped as she put her wine glass down and slowly began to walk towards me placing her Prada heels back on. I knew what that meant as I hated those shoes for I had the marks and cuts she had given me with them on my back. I swallowed hard as she now stood over me looking down into my face, and their it came back to me. __619-598-8787. 619-598-8787. Stef's number. But why? I had...I had hurt both of them by running off after all they had done for me today...I was...I was a horrible person and I didn't deserve their help._

_"__So, you don't like to follow rules huh? She scowled as she smirked at me with one of her trick questions as I could feel the anxiety began to make my head feel light. My stomach at this point had a mind of its own as it was turning in circles and upside down and around._

_"__I'm sorry..I lost track of time andâ€¦"I lied._

_And their it was. She smacked me so hard in my face I landed on the

ground and hit the side of my head on the wood floor as I could see stars dancing around and the room began to spin. The impact made my head throb from one end to the other as my vision became foggy.__619-598-8787. 619-598-8787.619-598-8787...Stef...Stef's number. Just focus on..focus on that and not the pain for I knew it was only beginning.__

_"__Oh,,,listen to that! You' re sorry! You're sorry! What can I do with you're sorry? Huh? You tell me you little stinking piece of shit! Do you know what you did? You mortified me! You embarrassed me as I had important people over here and I needed you here! But I had to tell them my daughter didn't care. That she was off at the beach and that she's a liar!That's what I had to tell them! You just don't see it do you you selfish brat! You don't get how much you are ruining things for me!" she screamed and yelled louder than ever...as..how did she know I was at the beach. How could she know..unless she..unless she had followed me.__

_"__Oh I saw you Callie. I saw you because I see everything! I saw you with that dyke Vice Principal of yours and her blonde bitch. I saw you clear as day!" _

_I was horrified. I was more then horrified...I was petrified for I had never seen her this angry ever. _

_"__Justina...I'm sorry...I'mâ€¦." I begged trying to get up onto my feet as she took the sharp tip of her heel and kicked me in the stomach with it causing my knees to give out and sending me down to the floor again. _

_"__You don't get up! You don't get up until I let you! How dare you make a fool of me! How dare you!"_

_This time I stayed on the ground as the blow to my head was making me nauseous as she pulled my hair and rammed my head on the floor. I didn't know how much more I could take, and I didn't know how much more my body could take before it shut down, and before sheâ€¦.before she killed me. She...she must have followed me. She must have and had followed me from the library to the beach and saw meâ€¦.She...she was there and I had not escaped her at all. I had not...and I felt her kick my stomach again and again as she now leaned down to me and looked into my eyes glaringthe scariest glare I had ever seen as her breath smelled of alcohol. _

_"__So you think those two dykes can take care of you better then me! Is that what you think. HuH?' _

_I couldn't respond as I was going in and out of concussions now. I knew my mind I knew my whole mind was no longer there as the room kept turning black and then fuzzy and then black again. I tried hard to focus on answering her...I tried so hard as she continued to pull my hair from the back and lift my face up to hers. The stink of her breath...the smell of it...it made me even more sick, it made me even more dizzy.__

_"__You belong in the gutter. That's where you belong you ungrateful little brat. I do all of this for you and what do I get in return! Lies, betrayal, going around talking behind my back! This time she pulled my hair so hard that I knew she had ripped it out of my scalp as I had winced in pain even if by this point my head was numb and I

could feel the blood rushing out of it. I was scared. I was more scared than anyone could imagine. She was going to kill me. She was going to kill me and I would die. I would die tonight. _

"Get up! Get up so I can show you what happens when you lie to your mother! Get up!" she screamed as I tried so hard to get to my feet as the room continued to spin and spin and spin, but I couldn't I couldn't get up, I had no...no fight in me. Nothing as at that moment my body became numb as Justina continued to literally beat me to near death. She beat me harder and more forceful than ever as I could feel the rage radiate off of her as she continued to kick my ribs over and over and over and my back. I soon felt her kick my face, my cheeks, my jaw. But then I felt nothing. I felt nothing any longer as I knew she was still over me screaming. But it all...it all went black as my mind began to dream. I was back at the beach walking on the sand as I felt Stef's hand in mine and heard Lena laughing as we walked in the sand for hours. The sun was shining on us, it was warm, it was like nothing ever. It was amazing. Maybe I was in heaven right now. Maybe...maybe I was going there. Maybe this is what it felt like. Maybe,...but I slowly came to as I heard the TV in the background and felt my face resting on the cold wooden floor. I had no idea how long I had been laying like this as my eyes felt swollen and puffy and I felt something in my mouth. I slowly opened it and realized it was two of my teeth as they had fallen onto the ground now. She had kicked them out.

_At this moment I had to vomit and I had never been in so much pain in all my life as even breathing hurt as I slowly began to drag myself on the floor near the bathroom. I didn't want to die. I didn't even if Justina wanted me to. Part of me...whatever part that was wanted to live. I...I didn't want to die on this floor. I didn't as I tried to hold back the tears that were coming from my eyes. But that hurt. That hurt too much as I continued to slowly drag myself even more which was proving to be more difficult than breathing. I ...I didn't know where she was...I could only guess Justina was passed out on the couch...I could only hope...but I ..I didn't want to die...Who would help me...I didn't know but..._619-598-8787. 619-598-8787. Stef...That's that's all my brain knew. That's all..as I tried so hard to keep going, as I tried so hard to ignore the pain...I had to call. I..didn't want to die. I didn't want too. 619-598-8787. 619-598-8787.619-598-8787..Just make it to the bathroom Callie. Please just make it...just please you are almost there. Almost ..._

_Slowly as each and every movement felt like I would die I managed after I have no idea how long I managed to drag my body into the bathroom as I slowly closed the door behind me blocking it with my body for there was no lock as Justina had removed them all. I was terrified..I was so scared..I just..I just had to call,,,as by the grace of god...with broken fingers I had somehow gotten my phone out of my pocket as I saw blood stains on them. The numbers on the phone I couldn't...I could barely see as my vision was still off and on and my fingers felt numb. Stef's number..._619-598-8787. 619-598-8787.619-598-8787...rang in my head...I was scared...I was going to die in this bathroom. _619-598-8787. 619-598-8787.619-598-8787._

_I entered the numbers slower than ever as I remained pinned to the floor for standing was not possible as I continued to feel the blood drip down my face which I thought was sweat. All I could think was to

please..please let her answer. Please for I knew I couldn't and had no fight left to dial it again as I heard it ring and someone picked up on the third ring._

_"__Hello." I heard someone say but I was too weak, and too sick to know who it was._

_"Ste ef..__ I managed to say as my throat stung._

_"__Callie! Callie what's wrong baby. Whats wrong?" she said in a panicked tone._

_"__I...I need.." and with that I passed out._

12. The Call Part 11

****Here we go! Hope you all enjoy. Just want you to know I don't know much about police protocol, actually I don't know any etc.. so if I did not write it correctly please forgive me! Thanks :)****

STEF POV

Sleeping was one thing that proved not to be on my side tonight as I couldn't for the life of me get my racing mind to ease, which I knew for certain would only cause me to be zombie at work for which I had to get up for in less than an hour as I glanced once again to the DVR clock and saw it read 3AM. Sighing heavily to myself out of frustration, I kissed the top of Lena's soft head as she fallen asleep in my arms nearly three hours ago on the couch. The night had warranted itself to be not only challenging but taxing on both of our emotions and minds as we tried to think of every possible solution to help Callie. A few times it caused one or more disputes between Lena and I for my solution was much more impulsive and risky for I just wanted to barged into that woman's home and beat the living shit out her, grab Callie and put her into a home where I knew she would be safe and well cared for. In my minds eye it was just that simple but reality wouldn't see it that way which I knew and we could end up making the situation worse by going that route. Finally, after much resistance I hesitantly agreed with my partner where we decided to make a visit to CPS tomorrow to meet with her social worker and figure out why the hell she was still in that home, since no one was giving us any kind of answers over the phone. They all seemed clueless and gave off the impression of not giving a shit. That alone made my blood boil.

_To be truly honest that little girl wasn't the only thing that was keeping my mind racing although it was the main reason, but memories of my own abuse were resurfacing more then I would have liked to admit. After confiding in Lena about my past which I never had any intentions what so ever of doing I couldn't shut that conversation out of my head. Not that Lena pitied me but...one of the reasons I hid it was I didn't want the sympathy and I didn't ever want to acknowledged that it had happened to me for if I did..I didn't want to be seen as a victim or anything. But as my mind replayed my past over and over and each time I saw Callie it was forcing me to deal with it and remember it as I too had gone to school with bruises that I had tried so hard to conceal. I too had felt my body ache from head to toe as I tried to walk around like nothing hurt me but it had. I too had walked with my head down, and neglected to make eye contact

with adults as I wanted to avoid any unwanted attention. I too had been where Callie was. I too was hoping and waiting for someone to save me, anyone to save me so that I wouldn't have to live in fear and panic everyday. But that person never really came as I ended up saving myself when I realized my mother would not and that was a disappointment. She had seen the beatings, she had heard them and she had done nothing. Nothing at all as all she could say to me was, "Stefanie why do you make your father so mad. Just keep your mouth closed." I would not make that mistake with Callie, I was going to be there for her, I was going to help her and I was going to be that person that I had always looked for when I would feel the blows to my body. I ...wanted her to believe she had a chance, I wanted her to know that she mattered and I wanted her to know that Lena and I both cared so much for her. I had tried to show her that today and I believed..deep inside she knew it. That was my goal._

For me leaving at 17 was the only way I knew how to survive and I knew Callie was just two years shy of that. I had simply picked up and left one night without so much as a goodbye to either of my parents, just leaving my mother a note with no indication of where I planned to go or anything. In my mind there was no other choice if I wanted to live. Mike, who had been my boyfriend at the time and generally a good guy, drove us up the coast of California to his aunts house in Sacramento who agreed to let us stay as long as we got jobs and payed our way. I knew it was a much better deal then the one I had grown up in so after scouring the mall for two days and filling out endless applications, on our way home from the train station one afternoon we saw recruitment signs for the police academy. Not even giving it a second thought as we read all what was needed and what they provided the both of us signed up. Mike was already 19 but I would only be 18 in less then five months which was fortunate for me for I just passed the point were they would allow me to sign up. 17 1/2. In less then two months we both trained, passed every test and physical and got married soon after moving into our own apartment. Life was not too bad but I was miserable...I was so horribly miserable and had no clue as to why for I had escaped my violent home and made a living for myself. To make a long story short I had two failed pregnancies with Mike and after 20 years of marriage and at almost 40 years old I left him and moved back to San Diego. It was there I met Lena and my real life began. My real life began and ...I was suddenly interrupted out of my thoughts by the blaring sound of my cell phone.

Slowly turning my head and reaching for it on the coffee table without trying to wake Lena I glanced at the unknown number that flashed across the screen. Ironically not giving it a thought or realizing it could in fact be Callie I picked it up as my partner snuggled into my chest more.

"Hello." I said in a somewhat raspy and sleepy tone as I began to rub my eyes.

"St..eff.." I soon heard a weak voice stutter my name on the other end and I instantly knew it was Callie as my heart dropped and my body sat up waking Lena.

"Callie! Callie what's wrong baby. Whats wrong?" I yelled in a worried and panicked tone.

_"Stef..whats wrong honey?" Lena asked as a look of fear also fell

across her face as I waited impatiently for Callie to respond._

"I...I need..."... she began and then trailing off as a few seconds had gone by as I soon heard only very faint breathing.

"Callie! "Callie baby are you there?" I yelled again as my heart was racing and the adrenaline was going through my entire body as Lena took my hand and squeezed it.

After not hearing any answer I pulled the phone away from my ear and saw that the call was still connected. I realized she must have passed out and I was scared, more scared then I ever have been in my life.

"Shit!" I screamed.

"Stef...is she...is she ok what is it?" I got up quickly off the couch and held the phone to my hear still hearing Callie's breathing.

"Stef what is it? What is wrong with Callie?" Lena yelled.

"She's in trouble... she's...in trouble and I gotta get over there. I gotta get over there now..God dammit why didn't I...I knew I should have went over there tonight I knew it! God dammit." I said yelling at myself and feeling like the biggest failure known to man.

"I should have done what I set out to do. I should have just went over there and pulled her out of that home. I should have. I should not have listened to you." Now yelling at Lena which I knew was wrong to do. I knew it was.

"Are..are you blaming me?" Lena yelled back as I ran into the room and she quickly followed as I refused to answer.

"Talk to her. Take the phone and talk to her." I demanded as a look of hurt feel on Lena' face. Yes I was angry at her, yes I very much was but I was just upset and knew I couldn't and shouldn't blame her as that was not fair. But I had no time to think about it as I threw my uniform on faster then I ever have and placed my gun belt on around my waist.

"Callie it's ok, Stef and I are here just hang on. Hang on honey you will be ok. You will be ok sweetheart." my partner spoke softly but I could see the tears in her eyes. I had no time to cry. I had no time at all as I had thrown my shoes on and grabbed my badge and car keys running out the room.

"I am coming with you. I am coming." Lena threw her slippers on.

"No, love you can't...I don't know what I'm going to find and ...and it could get dangerous. Just stay here and call 911." I grabbed the phone back from her.

"Stef..please...let me know..."

"I will my love...I will." I ran out the house faster then anything and jumped in the SUV calling for immediate backup.

"This is officer Stef Foster I'm calling for immediate backup assistance to 987 Westwood blvd. I repeat 987 Westwood Blvd immediate backup needed and a bus. Possible child abuse case, one woman in the house and an unconscious teen. Send a bus Code 10-52." I couldn't get the words out fast enough and 90 miles per hour didn't seem fast enough either as I drove with one hand on the wheel and held the phone in my other hand were I still had Callie on the line.

"Callie baby...Callie I'm still here my love, I'm still here and I'm coming for you but I need you to stay with me babygirl. Just stay with me." I was praying hard...which was something I never did but I didn't know what else to do..I just didn't and I just wanted more then anything for my baby to be ok. I wanted her to ...and I couldn't think or allow myself to think she wasn't going to be ok. I couldn't let my mind go there as I had to stay focused but when I looked at the phone once again ..I saw the call had dropped.

"Dammit! No no no...no don't hang up." I redialed the number again as it only went to voicemail.

"Shit! Damm you Stef. Damm you. Why didn't you just go to the house again. Why didn't you! What is wrong with you!" I said screaming to myself as I knew I only had one or two more blocks to get there.

"Oh Callie baby be ok...please baby be ok I'm almost there. I'm almost there."

"Within half a minute I pulled up to the house and immediately saw a cop car pull up behind me and I instantly noticed that it was Mike. Soon after I had left him and Sacramento he had moved back to San Diego himself and transferred to the SDPD were we remained friends. He had been the first person I told that I was lesbian.

"Heard you on the radio and was in the area." He said quickly walking over to me as I raced passed him.

"Hurry...I don't know how much time she has!" I yelled as he caught up to me and looked me right in the eyes.

"I know this girl...the woman is beating the shit out of her..."

"Mike swallowed hard...as we headed to the dark house and pounded on the door.

"Police open up!" He yelled as I felt the gun on the waist. I wanted to shoot this bitch. Man did I ever if I wanted to shoot anyone it was her I thought as we heard the door unlock and she stood there in her robe and tired eyes looking as if nothing was wrong.

"Officer's is there a problem?" she asked in a somewhat eerily calm tone...meanwhile I knew Callie was somewhere in that house unconscious.

"Ma'am..." Mike began but I cut him off.

"Yes there most certainly is a damm problem." I yelled as I tried to look behind her but she had the door barely open only sticking her head out which made it difficult to see past her.

"Where is Callie Jacobs?" I asked moving closer to her as Mike touched my arm. He knew well enough how protective I was and how bad my temper could really get as he had witnessed it on more then one occasion.

"My foster daughter? She's..she's asleep in her bed. I'm sorry what does this have to do with? I didn't call the police."

"Ma'am we will need to check inside." Mike enforced.

"I'm sorry that is not possible."

"Lady...do me a favor and get the hell out of my way before I bust you down on the ground along with that door." I barked as Mike moved closer to me as I knew if anyone would be on my side it was him.

"We have reason to believe your daughter is hurt and we need to make sure everything is ok." my ex husband said as my nostrils began to flair and I was less then a second away from kicking her out of my way.

"I beg your pardon but I have no idea were you would get such information. No one called you. I put her to bed hours ago. I would know if something was wrong."

"I bet you would. Now... I'm not asking again I said move or I will move you myself and believe me..you don't want that." I leaned in even closer to her face as I saw her swallow hard. I wanted her to feel my anger, I wanted her to feel my rage and I wanted her to know I was not playing around. Not one bit.

"I know my rights..and I know you can't..." and before I could let her finish I pushed the door in and stormed passed her.

"Hey..you can't just come in here without..."

"Callie! Callie baby!" I screamed.

"I said to get out of my house! Before I have your badges!" She yelled as I turned around to look at her.

"Go ahead and have my badge. Because I'm going to have your neck if you don't tell me where Callie is." My eyes glared coldly into hers as Mike moved in closer.

"Ma'am we have every right to come in and be here if we believe someone is hurt or if there is a problem. Tell us where Callie is...now!" he yelled.

"Callie who?" she smirked and I could feel my hand touching my gun on my waist as I wanted nothing more then to shoot her when I heard a moan. I looked to Mike and we heard the moan again and I slowly turned my head towards the hallway when my eyes focused on something that looked like feet.

"Ma'am you stay with me. Don't you dare move." he yelled.

As I drew my weapon...and held it up I slowly walked down the hall and I realized what I thought were feet sticking out the doorway most certainly were. By this time I could feel my chest pounding and my heart racing for when I got to the doorway and walked into what I realized was a bathroom the sight I saw almost made me pass out. There was Callie on the floor with her finger resting on the phone, blood trailing down her face. Her eyes puffed and barely open. She was still wearing the same shirt and jacket she had on from when we had spent the day with her at the beach only a few hours ago. My stomach turned and my heart stopped as I knelt down to my baby and I felt the tears stream down my face as I remembered the smile she had smiled at me and the way her hand had felt in mine as she had held it all day. I had never felt so...I had never felt so defeated, so heartbroken and so..so broken on the inside. I gently took my hand and rubbed her face.

"Oh baby. Callie!" I said softly looking over her body as I saw it move up and down and her eyes open halfway looking at me.

"Ste..ff..I.." she began but barely audible.

"Shhh it's ok. It's ok baby I'm here..." I whispered to her as the tears fell into my mouth and I felt her pulse which was very faint. She needed help and the ambulance needed to get here now as I called for them yet again on my radio.

"Callie baby you just stay with me. You hear me? I'm here now baby. I'm here and I won't ever let anything happen to you ever again. But you have to stay with me. OK sweets. Can you do that for me?" I kissed her forehead as I heard Mike yell from the other room.

"Stef what is it!?" He screamed.

"This is ridiculous. You two just can't just come in here..." I heard Justina yell from the hallway and as hard as it was for me to walk away from Callie at that moment I got up...I got up and stormed in the hallway and grabbed Justina and slammed her against the wall slapping cuffs on her wrists.

"Justina Marks you are under arrest for the attempted murder of a minor." I said angrily.

"What? This is crazy I haven't tried to murder anyone. This is ridiculous." she said as I turned her around to face me locking my eyes with hers.

_"You...disgust me and more than anything I wanna put a bullet in your head and watch you bleed. That's what I really want to do. But you just better fucking, my god you better get on your snobby ass knees, and pray, beg and plead that that little girl will be ok. Because believe me if she is not I will dedicate my life to making yours a living hell. Don't test me." I scowled in her face as I grabbed and held onto the collar of her robe. This time she didn't look so scared. She looked humored and amused which led me to believe she was going to get away with what she did. Which led me to believe this was not the first time she had done something like this.

Even if she had no record for I had searched long and hard she was hiding something and I was going to find it no matter what.__

_"Get her out of here!" I yelled to Mike as he grabbed her.__

_"My pleasure!"__

_"I'll have your badge Stefanie Foster." she scowled as my eyes locked with hers when the paramedics and backup finally entered the home taking her out. I myself knowing Callie needed help immediately ran back into the bathroom as the paramedics slowly picked her up and placed her on the stretcher. Nothing but tears continued to fall from my face as...as I had failed this girl so badly and the guilt once again was eating me alive.__

_A few moments had passed when I felt Mike come beside me as the EM's attached IV's to the stretcher and into Callie's arms.__

_"She's gonna have a bad night. The woman." I remained silent as his eyes were now directed at Callie.__

_"Stef, how do you know her?" he asked as he placed his hand on my arm.__

_"She's one of Lena's students. We called CPS two days ago letting them know what we thought was going on. They ignored it."__

_"Damm." he shook his head.__

_"She will be ok Stef. She will." I heard him say as I did not take my eyes off of her and I never would ever again as they began to wheel her out and I quickly followed behind getting into the back of the ambulance with her as I would not take no for an answer. I sat there with Callie and held her hand as softly as I could for I knew her fingers were broken and I rubbed them...trying to rub the pain away as her eyes kept opening and closing.__

_"She's pretty badly hurt." The EM said to me as they placed a breathing tubed into her nose and I looked back to her pleading and scared eyes.__

_"Cals..my love you are strong. You and I both...and I need you to fight. Just like you have been only harder. Only harder baby. Because you are..you are worth everything to me. You are worth everything to Lena and we love you sweetheart. We love you so so much. Be strong my love. Be strong."__

_"Mama.." I heard her faintly whisper to me as I felt her squeeze my hand as my eyes continued to water. Somewhere during the last few days Callie had become my little girl...and I knew what I needed to do more then ever.__

13. Fears

So glad you guys are still on board! This is some adventure! As this story has taken me to so many places. I even wrote on the beach for three hours the other day. It really can help it and set the mood.

****Just a few thoughts...I know Lena seems like the weaker one in the story but I don't want her to be. I want her to fight for Callie in her own way and I'm still trying so hard to figure her out. Clearly she is very different from Stef and I find her hard to write for sometimes but hopefully as the story grows she will grow as well and reveal herself to be strong.****

****Thanks all and I hope you enjoy!-Stef1981****

LENA POV

"So because we aren't family, which we already told you she has non and we are obviously the only people she has, we can't see her or get any information about her condition?" Stef barked aggressively to the doctor as we stood in the ER waiting room at San Diego Memorial Hospital.

"Officer, it's hospital policy that we can't give that type of information out. Only her social worker..."

"Hospital policy!..give me a god damm break. Do you see a social worker? Do you?! Tell me if you do because I don't see a dam sole. Not one!" she gestured to the empty waiting room around us. I myself was equally frustrated as Callie's social worker had not shown up and we had been here longer then three hours and were told nothing. It seemed this girl just couldn't get a break as it was one thing after the other of very unsupportive people in her life. It was downright ridiculous.

"Ma'am..I understand that but..."

"No you don't understand! Don't stand here and tell me you understand because you have no damm idea and... .." I quickly chimed in for Stef's face was turning a crimson red as she continued to lean closer to the doctor who was slowly backing up from her. I knew we weren't going to get anywhere if she kept intimidating him but I also knew she was upset, I knew she was hurt, as the both of us were more then we knew.

"Stef." Gently my hand touched her arm.

"What?" her face turned to glare at me and I could clearly see the irritation written all over it which was now directed toward me.

"Honey let me." I spoke softly to her as she let out a heavy sigh of defeat.

"Doctor...if we call her social worker again and he approves our visit or consents for us to receive information about Callie would that be ok?" My voice was stern as my eyes focused and solely on his face which appeared to be understanding but indecisive.

"I don't know..."...I looked to him patiently but I could feel ready to jump down his throat again as I quickly responded to diffuse anymore tension between the two. I knew that wasn't going to get us anywhere.

_"Listen, we aren't trying to break any rules or give any of you a hard time. That's not what we are here for. The thing is...this

little girl is scared. She is terrified and she literally has no one. No one at all. The woman who was suppose to care for her and look after her was the one who put her in here. We just..we just want to assure Callie that she is ok, that she will be ok, and that she has someone who cares for her. She's just already been through so so much and trusting people is not ...it's not easy for her. Just if there is anything that you can do just so we can...just so we can be there for her please.?" The doctors face softened as he glanced around the room and back towards the Intensive Care Unit as I was hoping and praying that he would consider what I said._

"Listen...let me see what I can do. I will contact CPS and social services myself. But I'm not promising anything." he insisted.

"Thank you doctor. Thank you." I smiled gratefully as we had made a tiny bit of progress.

"Not promise?" I heard my partner say as I turned to her clearly displeased.

"Stef..please. Thank you doctor." he nodded his head and returned to the ICU as I let out a heavy sigh.

"Christ sake don't people see we just care and want to help her. Don't they?!" Stef growled as she turned to me leaning her head down.

"Honey...you have to calm down." my hand once again graced her arm.

"I can't Lena. I can't calm down! That little girl is fighting for her life and I can't be as calm as you are ok?!I just can't do that!"

"Are you trying to say I don't care? Is that what you are trying to say again?" I was now angry myself as I just couldn't help but feel like Stef's anger was directed right at me and that she was insinuating that I didn't care for this little girl. Yes I appeared to be calm but I was anything but that as I watched my partners eyes glare into mine as she was evidently surprised by what I said.

"What are you talking about I never said you didn't care. I never said such a thing to you!"

I could feel my emotions ready to explode as I squeezed my eyes tightly to hold back the tears that were now beginning to form in my eyes.

_"Stef! You don't remember what you told me in the bedroom? That you shouldn't have listened to me. That it's basically all my fault what happened. You think that didn't hurt? You think I don't blame myself? You think I don't? Well guess what I do! I do blame myself for the entire thing. That's right and I'm sorry if...if I'm not like you. If I'm not like an aggressive bull dog who stampedes over everyone. I'm sorry you're angry at me for not doing what you wanted. For not doing what you wanted! I'm sorry... I did all I could..and yes I failed, I failed miserably and yes I went about it the wrong way. The complete wrong way and now because of me, because of my poor choice Callie is

laying in there fighting for her life! And I'm sorry!"_

I had in no way intended to explode right then and there at my girlfriend who was infuriating me in the hospital for everyone to hear...but the amount of guilt my mind and body was rattled with was beyond anything as I was now inconsolable as tears streamed down my face for I had failed this little girl miserably and if she didn't make it...I didn't know what I would do. I just didn't.

As Stef stood there shocked at my outburst for she knew that was uncharacteristic of me I walked over to the hard chairs to take a much needed seat and leaned my head against the wall. Only a few short seconds later I felt my partner sit beside me and gently grab my hand sliding it into hers.

"Lena, baby, I'm ..I'm sorry. I didn't mean to ..I didn't mean to say what I said in the bedroom..I should not have said that. I shouldn't have. I should not have placed blame on you or make it seem like it was all your fault. It's not your fault baby. It isn't. I made the choice to agree with you, we made that choice together and I still could have went on my own. I still could have. I mean you didn't hold a gun to my head, you didn't force me to agree with you. ...You didn't...and I'm sorry. I should not have said that to you. I know you care about Callie just as much as I do and I know you want the best for her and for her to be ok. I know that baby. I... apologize my love. I do." My eyes remained on the floor as I began to wipe the tears from my face.

"I mean, I guess we can't both be like me or everyone would be dead." I heard her joke as I now looked to her and smiled.

"There's that smile." her face softened as she gently wiped the tears from my cheeks, slowly leaning in to kiss my lips gracefully.

"Baby..I'm sorry I ..."

"It's ok. I know you.. I know you are worried and stressed and..."

"Yes but, it's no excuse. We can't afford to fight. We are on the same team and both want the same thing for her." I squeezed her hand harder as a sign that I fully agreed with her and accepted her apology. She was right as we could not afford to fight, not in the least for we had to focus on Callie, not on who was right and who was wrong. That wasn't the real issue and that wasn't the concern.

"Lena, what if she doesn't make it? I heard Stef's voice crack.

"Stef look at me honey.." she turned her face to look at me as it was filled with more pain then I could ever imagine for I knew the quick bond she had formed with Callie had...had filled her heart but now it was..breaking her in two. I myself had never seen her..I had never seen Stef so grief stricken and so shook up as long as I had known her but after hearing what she revealed to me about her past I knew why.

"Baby, you and I can't afford to think that way. We just can't because you and I are literally the only two people this little girl has and if we loose hope then what hope will she have left? None. If we loose hope then who will believe in her honey and who will fight for her? We can't think that way sweetheart and the best thing we can do is remain positive, and show her even more that we care, and even more that we love her. That what we need to do honey. That's what she need to see." I wiped the tears from her eyes as she slowly nodded her head at me and returned her gaze to the floor. I knew there was more brewing in her mind.

"Lena, she called me mama." My eyes quickly widened but for some reason I was not 100 percent shocked. A small smile fell across my face.

"When love?" I lowered my head down a bit to catch Stef's eyes as they glanced over to mine once again. However, I could clearly see her face was a little flustered as I rubbed her hand.

"In the ambulance. Although she was probably unconscious at the time or hallucinating." she joked as it was typical for her to believe that no one could see her that way. I shook my head as I placed my hand under her chin as to look directly in her soft eyes. I wish she could see what I see, and I wish she could see so clearly what Callie sees.

"Stef...I have a feeling she meant what she said. Even if she was in and out of consciousness...maybe that's how she sees you. I know we have only known her for a few days...but I told you love you have made a big impact on her. Especially yesterday. I honestly believe Callie has never met anyone like you before and now with all of her walls down, and with no energy left...the truth has a way of coming out honey. That little girl..she loves you. She loves you so much and I saw it clear as day yesterday when were were at the beach. I told you that. I can see it." she remained quiet turning her head to look at the ground again.

"Lena..what do I know about being anyone's..anyone's..." she trailed off but I quickly finished her sentence happily.

"Mama?"

"Yeah...I mean..what would I know."

"Well..maybe you know more then you think. Stef, parenting doesn't come with any kind of instruction booklet that's for sure and non of us really know what kind of parent we will really be. But I have no doubt in my mind that if you do decide to have children that you would be wonderful mother. And I'll keep telling you that honey."

Observing her I could see the doubts written all over her face.

"Babe...are thinking about taking Callie home?" I leaned in squeezing her hand once again as I waited patiently for her to respond.

_"I...I umm..I was but I...what if I...what if i'm horrible at it?"

What if I made her more miserable then she already is?"_

"Love, I highly doubt that." I said laughing as it did sound ridiculous even if I knew Stef was very much concerned about such a thing.

"Lena..I was thinking ..maybe you can take her...and I could come over after work and stay over a few nights to help."

"Stef...I would love to take Callie home. I would..but it's not me she wants right now. It's not me who she needs and, it's not me she called mama whether you think she was unconscious or not. Stef...it's you honey, and those doubts you have, those fears you have of becoming your father sure they are all understandable but it's not you honey. You aren't Frank Cooper and you have to realize that honey. "

I gently grabbed both of her hands as her tear stained eyes locked with mine.

"Listen, if you want to foster Callie I'm there for you 100 percent honey. I am. If you don't I have no issue taking her in. Non at all...but remember what I said. She wants you love, and I know deep down inside you do as well." My eyes continued to observe the indecisiveness and torn look on her face as I leaned in and kissed her cheek. Yes I would take Callie, and it was something I was going to mention to Stef about but in my minds eye, she was the one that needed to take her. They needed each other more then they realized.

"I love her Lena." she admitted. "I love that little girl so much." I wiped once again the tears that were falling down her cheek much more heavier then before.

"I know you do baby. I know that..and believe me she loves you too." Stef glanced at me yet again as she rested her head on my shoulder.

"She will be ok baby. She wants to be ok because she knows we are waiting for her honey. She knows." I gently kissed the top of her head as our hands remained locked together stronger then ever.

"I hope so baby. I hope so." Stef softly said.

* * *

><p>*AN Next chapter will be Stef/Cal which I'm working on now!_**

14. Ice Cream

Hi all! So this chapter took a few days to write and edit, but it was a joy.

But just a note...I do not know much about medical conditions so please forgive me if I have made any errors in that. Either way I hope you enjoy it!

Thanks! -Stef1981

Neither woman had gotten so much as a wink of sleep as the late night hours slowly faded and turned into the wee hours of the early morning. The blonde cop continued to pace back and forth restlessly in the waiting room of San Diego Memorial as Lena Adams remained on hold yet again with Child Protective Services explaining for what seemed like the 100th time that Callie's social worker still had failed to show up despite the continuous and repetitive phone calls she had made throughout the night. The couple was not only exhausted but completely at their wits ends for they still had no word of Callie's condition, neither had eaten or gone home to change, and to make matters worse Mike had called saying Justina made bail. Without Callie's statement, or a witness who had seen her abuse the young girl she was free as a bird. That alone only exacerbated any rage the blonde was already feeling and she was feeling enough for the both of them.

"Let's just go down there! Is that what they want?! Do they want us to go down there and have me knock the damm door down and drag a case worker or social worker or whoever out myself? " Stef yelled as the brunette waved her hand gesturing for the blonde to be quiet as someone had finally picked up her call.

"Lena, I'm sick to damm death of you being on hold and us getting absolutely nowhere. It's not doing anything but wasting more time!"

"Stef..please." she mouthed as she tried to focus on the person who had finally picked up her call. Stef rolled her eyes and continued to pace.

"Yes..yes I am her Vice Principle, Lena Adams, yes Officer Stefanie Foster was the arresting officer at the scene. Yes."

"How many times are you going to tell them who we are?" The blonde chimed in yet again as the brunette put her finger in her other ear so she could soley focus on the woman's voice she was trying so hard to hear on the other end. The cop wasn't angry at Lena, not by any means, but it was certainly directed towards the neglectful agency that clearly had shown very little or no concern for Callie whatsoever.

"Well, me and my partner have been here for well over 5 hours and a social worker has still not shown. Yes...I understand, the thing is we just want to see her, we aren't saying we want to have control over her course of treatment we just want to see her and assure her that she is ok. She's very scared and she knows us. We just..." Lena continued to nod her head and soon was seen writing notes down on a pad.

"Ok thank you. Thank you..yes." the brunette hung up the phone and shook her head as she let out a soft sigh glancing up to the cop.

"They said someone named Bill is on his way shortly. Apparently Callie's files got transferred to another agency and there was some mix up between them."

"Shortly when..shortly next century? I have never dealt with such incompetence in my life."

"I know babe but as you know this is not unusual."Lena tried to remain calm.

"And so can we see her? Or are we just suppose to continue to let her be in there alone, scared to death while we wait for them to get their shit together and fix there so called mix up."

'They said that...'

Just as Lena stood up the doctor they had pleaded with earlier to see Callie slowly walked toward them as the two women turned around hesitantly to face him.

Stef grabbed Lena's hand and held it for dear life as the brunette squeezed it back just as tight. Both swallowing the lumps in there throats that had formed.

"Ladies...I apologize for keeping you so long...just..I wish I could give you better news."

Stef swallowed hard and could feel the blood boiling as she anticipated that the doctor would yet again not approve of non family members to see the young girl or know anything of her condition no matter how persistent they had been.

"I've seen it time and time again with CPS, and case workers not showing up, and I am really not suppose to do this but..." he hesitated as he looked around the waiting room and at the pleading faces of both women who clearly in his eyes cared dearly for this girl for they had been there for more then five hours waiting. It was true he wanted to get the cop off his back for she had already made a scene more then twice that night but he had seen many children like Callie lying in the emergency room, and lying in ICU with not one sole to care for them. Not one person to visit them, and not one person they knew. He was fully aware that Callie's condition required nurturing, required love and he could clearly see from a mile away who was going to give it to her.

"Since you are her Vice Principle, and you were the arresting officer, and you clearly know and care about her which is more then I can say for most people I will make this one exception just this time." he voiced sternly as both women let out the breath they had been holding in.

"Thank you doctor. Thank you." Stef said happily as Lena smiled and there hands remained locked together.

"Callie is..she's very critical. We were able to stabilize her for the time being but she's not out of the woods. Whoever did this to her, is just, is just beside me." he shook his head in defeat as a look of utter sadness and concern filled his face.

Both woman remained focused on his words taking in each one slowly but finding it hard to swallow.

"Now..she has some internal bleeding from the massive blows she's received to her which we can be certain it's been happening over a period of a few months. I'm surprised she's made it this far without a visit to the doctor."

"She's a tough little girl." Stef voiced.

"Yes I can see. With the conditions Callie has..she should be a lot worse. She has numerous broken and fractured bones,fingers and ribs. The best we can do for that is to wrap her abdomen up and let her body lay still for a bit. The other thing we couldn't help but noticed are the bruises and burns all over her body that appear to be a few months old. Many on her legs, her back and her arms."

Both women let out heavy sighs and Stef herself knew Callie certainly had other bruises that she was hiding under her long sleeve and long pants attire. She just wasn't certain how bad it was.

"However, the thing...that concerns me the most is the brain hemorrhaging." he stuttered.

"Brain hemorrhaging? Like bleeding in her brain?" Lena voiced as tears swelled in her eyes as well as in Stef's for she could hear the sniffles coming from the blonde and she felt her squeeze her hand even tighter.

"Yes...that can be caused by a number of things but based on the gashes she has to the scalp in numerous places I'd say someone has been either hitting her head, kicking it or banging it against something. The areas are just too random for it to be anything else."

By this time there was no anger like the anger the cop was feeling right now. Non. She knew if she killed Justina her life was over and there was no saving Callie then, there was no being with Lena as she still tried to rationalize the thought in her head as she knew it wasn't the answer. Lena could only stand there herself as it felt as if her heart had been ripped out of her chest and stomped on as each time the doctor spoke the more it stung.

"Now, we've stitched up the two big gashes she had in her scalp but we are continuing to watch the bleeding as we administered medication which should hopefully help it. But she still needs to be heavily monitored right now."

"The ..the brain hemorrhaging will that affect her long term?" Lena asked as Stef could not bring herself to think.

"It can, but it's much too early for us to tell. We will have to wait to see if it causes any permanent damage. Ladies, I'm sorry I couldn't bring you much better news...I wanted to."

"Is...is she awake?" the blonde voiced as she wiped the tears from her face.

"We gave her some medication for the pain so she is resting..but you are welcome to see her."

"Thank you doctor. We can't tell you how grateful we are." the curly haired woman said.

_"I've seen a lot of foster kids come in here just like Callie half dead and no one bothers to come, visit, call or anything. Sometimes I

feel like these kids are bodies with dollar signs on there heads. Its...it's a shame. But we've placed her in ICU right now if y'all follow me." As the doctor softly spoke and turned to walk towards the ICU Lena continued to grab the blondes hand expecting for her to walk. But instead she turned to see her frozen. Frozen in her tracks as hearing the news of Callie's condition almost paralyzed her with..with fear. Yes she had seen this on the job day in and day out but this was different. This was..this was someone she loved, someone she truly cared for and she wasn't sure what to do with her feelings as for the first time she was recognizing them instead of hiding them behind the tough shell she displayed on a daily basis. This was testing her._

Lena continued to hold the blondes hand and observe her panicked face for she was surprised but not surprised at the same time of Stef's reaction. She knew the blonde had a hard time showing this side of herself and that she wasn't fully sure how to truly handle it or at all.

"Love...are you ok?" she said looking into the tear stained eyes of the attractive blonde. But Stef's mind faded out slowly as she thought back to the day of the San Diego fair where they had spent almost the entire day with the injured girl. The cop realized that was the day the girl had stolen her heart.

***FLASHBACK**

The day had been beautiful and crisp as the three women spent it basking in the warm sun and enjoying the fun filled fair with the other families that were walking around enjoying the events. As Lena made her way to order a handful of more tacos the blonde sat closely next to the young teen who had grown increasingly more comfortable with her in less then two hours. Callie herself had even noticed how comfortable she had become as the day continued to go on but now that she was alone with Stef she began to feel a little more nervous, as she waited for her to bring up the abuse or the story that she lied about. Stef, however, had no intention of bringing any of it up for she just wanted the teen to continue to feel comfortable and not try to run from her like she had at the school. That she did not want again for she knew there was a time and place for everything, and this wasn't the time.

"So Cals, what do you think of the fair my love?" the blonde asked as she sat close to the teen who was enjoying her chocolate and vanilla ice cream. However, the blonde couldn't help but notice how Callie was clearly avoiding the chocolate part and only taking small scoops of the vanilla and it was evident she didn't like chocolate ice cream. Ironically as Stef looked down at her own swirl ice cream cup she noticed how she unconsciously had been avoiding the vanilla ice cream and was only scooping out the chocolate. The coincidence put a smile on her face as she remembered Lena always ate the vanilla when they shared a cup.

"The fair is nice...I've never actually been to one." Callie admitted shyly.

_"No? Yeah I haven't been to many either myself. Lena always knows about all these events and things. Before we started to date I just went to work, came home, slept and did it all over again. I was a lot more boring then.. I mean not that I'm so exciting now." she laughed

taking another scoop of chocolate._

_ "I..I don't think your boring." Callie voiced shyly as she truly did not believe the blonde was boring. She liked her very much even if that scared the crap out of her._

_ "That's sweet of you to say my love. Very sweet." the blonde could only smile as she gently moved the hair that was covering Callie's face and tucked it softly behind her ear. The teens eyes hesitantly moved up to look into hers as she surprisingly smiled back at the blonde causing Stef's heart to soften even more as she tried hard not to focus on the girls bruises that were still very prevalent on her face. The two shared a moment that any mother daughter would happily share even if that didn't describe the relationship between these two, however one looking from the outside would surely think it was._

_ "So you don't like chocolate huh sweets?" Stef questioned but soon regretted as she noticed the look of panic that appeared on Callie's face which she did not intend to do ever._

_ "I um...I...was gonna eat it but..." she began to stutter almost dipping her spoon into the chocolate when Stef gently grabbed her arm softly stopping her._

_ "Cals, baby it's ok my love. I only eat the chocolate myself and just give the vanilla to Lena." the teen glanced to the blondes ice cream cup and noticed all the vanilla still remained._

_ "Oh." _

_ "Do you want mine sweets?" she offered generously._

_ "Um..." Callie now avoided Stef's gaze as she could still feel the panic in her body. She wasn't sure how to answer as the cops face remained soft. Stef soon realized very quickly by the look on the teens face that she was probably reprimanded before for not finishing her food and couldn't afford to be so picky so she quickly took her own spoon dipping it into the vanilla and held it closely to Callie's mouth._

_ "Here my baby..taste it." she offered. The teens eyes slowly looked up into Stef's warm and comforting face as the panic suddenly began to slowly fade as she again looked at the spoon filled with vanilla that the friendly cop was offering._

_ "It's ok my love take it." _

_ Callie slowly leaned in as Stef gently placed the spoon in her mouth._

_ "Taste good?" she asked as the girl smiled and nodded her head._

_ "I won't tell Lena." she winked as she continued to feed the young girl the remainder of her vanilla ice cream. But Callie soon did something that surprised them both as she looked to her melting chocolate ice cream, took a spoonful and held it out to the blonde._

"Do you want the rest of mine?" her eyes were big and soft as Stef's heart soon began to melt even more at the kind sweet gesture. Callie was stealing her heart and she couldn't for the life of her understand why she had not been adopted, and why she had been treated so horribly. Yes she was troubled but only because of the string of bad luck she had but besides that she was heartwarming.

"I've never been known to say no to chocolate ice cream." Smiling she opened her mouth as the teen began to feed her the rest of chocolate ice cream. At this moment it wasn't just the blondes heart that had opened but Callie's had as well for she found it tugging and making a small space for Stef. She also couldn't help but noticed the nicknames the blonde kept calling her and that too made her smile inside.

"And, Cals my love, just so you know I don't think you're boring either in case you were thinking that of yourself. I think you 're an amazing young lady, who is going to grow up to become an amazing young woman. And never let anyone tell you any different. Yes? " she encouraged as the teens eyes fell to the floor as she placed the empty cup on the table. She had never received such encouragement or, or anyone telling her she was something. That she was somebody and she wasn't sure..she wasn't sure how to accept it.

"Stef...do..do you have kids?" Callie found herself curiously asking as the blonde face turned to look at her softly. The teen suddenly felt bad and self conscious for she didn't realize how nosy she had become.

"I'm sorry..I didn't mean to be nosy..I just.."

"No, no sorry honey. It's ok you can ask me anything. But, no love I don't have kids. Why do you ask honey?"

"Oh..I thought you did... You...just..you seem like your a mom I mean not that I would know but you just...you seem like you would be a really nice one.." she looked down again shyly.

"The blonde continued to stare as the young girls words warmed her heart.

"And, you my love, you seem like you would be an amazing daughter." Stef gently pulled the young girl in closer and wrapped her arm around her. Callie could smell the flower shampoo from the blondes hair and clothes. She had never smelled anything like it for all the foster homes she had been in the foster mothers either smelled of cigarettes and bear or were coated heavily in perfume. She hated the smell of perfume and the smell of Justina's. It was horrible and gave her a headache she thought to herself as she melted into the blondes warm and protective arms. Callie then felt something she had never felt before. She felt what she thought was the blonde kiss the side of her head softly and she closed her eyes listening to the sound of the ocean as she wondered if this was what it was like to have a mother. To have a mother that loved you, and cared for you, and...and liked you.

"Stef herself held the young pained girl and could only squeeze her a little harder as she felt her lean more into her as she gently kissed the side of her head softly again. It was evident that Callie had truly and completely stolen her heart.

****_FLASHBACK ENDS_****

"Stef,,,honey?" the blonde came out of her memory as she quickly realized Lena was standing in front of her as they continued to stand in the ER waiting room.

"Yes, yes I'm fine my love..I um...I'm going to take Callie home. I..will." Stefs eyes looked to Lena's as they were still filled with tears.

Upon hearing this Lena's face softened even more.

"Then let's go. She needs us both my love." the curly haired women voiced as they continued to hold hands tighter then ever as they made there way to Callie's room and fully preparing themselves for what laid ahead.

15. Callie Foster

****Present****

****HI all! This chapter takes place in the present. I wanted to change the pace for a bit and bring us back into the present moment just for a bit. The past scenes are very intense so this chapter is a little lighter.****

****(Don't worry you will get to see Callie's response from the beach scene that I wrote in the first chapter but it won't be right now) This chapter takes place a few days after that. :)-Enjoy!****

****Just so you know Callie calls Stef, "Stefs"(it's not a typo) Just a little nickname she has given her since Stef calls her Cals. Corny I know! :)****

"Cals my love shake a leg kid! How many times do I need to call your name sweets, my cab service leaves in less then a minute!" Stef yelled from the kitchen for what seemed to be the 100th time as she needed to drive her daughter to therapy on her way to work. Every week it was a challenge and it was like pulling teeth to get her daughter to go but she knew she needed it more then anything she thought to herself as she stacked a plate full of pancakes on the teens plate. Lena Adams sat comfortably at the small kitchen dinette going through her weekend calendar and happily planning the Saturday for her and Callie as it had taken a few months for the young girl to even remotely leave Stef's side despite having really loved the curly haired women herself.

"Love! You're pancakes are gonna get cold!" the blonde yelled out again hoping that would wake the teen.

"I swear that kid once she's asleep its like waking the dead." Stef shook her head and smiled jokingly as she joined her partner at the table sipping her coffee.

"At least she's sleeping babe. Remember a couple of months ago she barely slept even an hour." Lena reminded her as she looked up from her phone smiling.

"Yeah I remember my love. Believe me I'm grateful she can sleep now even if it's in my bed. I have the bruises to prove her kicking me in the back every night with her knees." she laughed as did Lena.

"She loves her mama tiger." the brunette smiled as a look of shyness fell across the blonde's face.

"Yeah..my baby girl...she's so strong I just...she's so strong Lena. This whole court thing with Justina and having to testify to the abuse, the 3 painful months of healing and physical therapy, she's just been through so much for someone so young."

"Well, she got through it because of you honey." the brunette encouraged as she reached over to lock hands with her girlfriend gently rubbing her fingers softly.

"And you too, my love." Stef looked up to her girlfriend letting out a wink.

"Has she..has she talked about..Justina?"

"No...just things she yells out when she's having nightmares which are less thankfully but there still there. I could kill her Lena..I mean I've been saying that for the past few months but..I could really just take my hands and strangle that women to death."

"I know babe. I know me too. But she will get what she deserves now that there are other kids coming out about her and adults about her corruption. I hope it puts her away for a long time."

"Yeah, you and me both." Stef took another sip of her coffee realizing another few minutes had gone by and her daughter still had not woken up.

"This kid...I swear she avoids therapy like the plague...I have to drag her out every time." she shook her head once again putting her blue mug down as she slowly got up from the small dinette.

"So she is like her soon to be mother then? Not admitting when something is good for them." Lena voiced sarcastically as Stef rolled her yes.

"I resent that. I do no such thing." the blonde winked again as she quickly made her way into her bedroom to see the teens feet sticking out of the soft yellow comforter as she hid the rest of her body under it. Stef knew very well that Callie was fully awake for she wasn't snoring and that she was merely pretending to avoid the much needed therapy sessions she hated. The cop understood more then the teen thought for she was facing her own demons that she had yet to tell the teen of.

"Cals, I know you're awake baby." she said sitting on the bed as she saw the teen slowly pull the covers away from her face and stuck her head out.

"Now, there's my beautiful daughter." she smiled as she noticed the frown on the girls innocent face.

"Stefs..do I have to go?"

"Yes, sweetheart you do. We talk about this every week my love."

Callie sighed blowing air out of her lips as she remained wrapped in the blonde's comforter.

"But I'm ok Stefs. I don't see how rehashing every bad thing that's happened to me is going to help. I ...I don't always want to talk about it." she said rolling over in the bed and turning away from her foster mother burying her face in Stef's pillow. It was true she didn't always want to talk about it, in fact she hated talking about it as she felt the blonde's hand rub her back gently. She just wanted to enjoy her new life with her future mother and become Callie Foster. She didn't want to remember any of the life Callie Jacobs had endured, she didn't want to remember the pain, the heartache, the constant worry and fear. She just didn't.

"Baby, if anyone understands I do. I do my love. And I don't force you to go to punish you baby. Not in the least."

"But I'm ok. I really am. I'm happy for the first time in my life, I'm so happy with you and Lena, and I just...I just want to put my past behind me. I don't want to think about any of it, I don't want to think about...I don't ever want to think about Justina again ever." the teen's eyes began to swell up as tears fell down her face.

"My love come here. Come face me sweetheart I need to see that beautiful face of yours."

Callie still didn't budge as she wiped the tears from her face that she was trying to hide unsuccessfully as she continued to bury her face in Stef's pillow.

"Love, turn around to face me. Please sweetheart?" the blonde pleaded once again as her daughter slowly turned around and sat up.

"My love," the teen began as she placed her hand under Callie's chin to lift it up. The teen's eyes were sad and heartbroken as Stef now moved behind Callie to have the young girl rest in her arms.

"Listen my heart, and that's what you are my heart, I am glad to hear you are happy. That makes me happy and let's me know I'm doing my job. But I know it's not easy to think about your past or talk about your past. I know that my love. And I know you don't want to talk about it always. But try something for me, try to think of it as a positive thing that can only help. It can only help as you grow, and change and become more of a woman. It will help our relationship and the ones you will continue to make. Sweetheart sometimes we ..we have to face our past no matter how painful it maybe. If we don't we never..we never deal with it and it can become an obstacle. So...do this for me ok? Yes?" Stef tilted her head down as the teen looked up to her with tears still streaming down her face.

"Mama..I'm scared." she confessed as she swallowed the lump in her throat.

"I know...I know you are honey. You've lived through very scary things, and you have been brave for a very long time." Stef wiped the tears from Callie's soft cheeks as the teen continued to look up into

her face.

"But what you have to remember is I am here for you through all of this. Through every single step just as I told you when you were in ICU a few months ago. Do you remember?" the blonde questioned in a somewhat stern tone.

"Yes, I remember." Callie nodded as she clearly remembered as that was the first time she had fallen asleep on the blonde.

"Good because I will always always remind you. Lena and I will forever be there for you Callie Foster. And I don't need a piece of paper to call you that either." She winked as the teen continued to smile widely at her soon to be mother.

"Me either."

Stef gently placed a kiss on the young girls forehead as smiles still remained on there faces.

"Now, lets say we get dressed Lena has a big day planned for you my love. Hope you like strawberry picking."

"You have to work?" Callie wined as she just noticed her foster mother dressed in uniform.

"Unfortunately I do sweets. Duty calls even on Saturdays. But...when I get off I'll meet you guys, we'll go grab some dinner and watch a movie. How does that sound?"

"Sounds good." the teen smiled as she wrapped her arms around Stef.

"I love you mama. I love you so much." Callie buried her face in the blondes chest as Stef gently rubbed the side of her face as the young girl only continued to warm her heart.

"Cals...I love you too my little girl. I love you so much. You have no idea." the blonde held her daughter closer then ever as she just wanted to give her the life she so deserved.

End
file.